

THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL;

A WEEKLY RECORD OF PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, AND POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF SUBSCRIBERS, THE WEEKLY NUMBERS ARE ISSUED IN MONTHLY PARTS, STITCHED IN A WRAPPED, AND WILL BE FORWARDED WITH THE MAGAZINES. SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED BY ALL BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS, AND AT THE OFFICE, NO. 12, WELLINGTON STREET, NORTH.

No. 9. VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1847.

[PRICE, 3d.
STAMPED, 4d.]

CONTENTS.

ON THE CONFLICT OF INTENSIVE BETWEEN LIGHT AND SHADOW.
ENGLISH SINGERS.
OPINIONS ON THE DRAMA.
MR. WEALE'S PROPOSAL TO THE INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.
FINE ARTS:—
Sir Robert Peel's New Portrait Gallery at Drayton Manor.
Monument to Palladio.
Mr. Donaldson and Mr. Leeds, No. 2.
Royal Academy.
Water Colour Society.
Somerset House School of Design.
THE DRAMA:—
Adolphi.
Pantomimes.
MUSIC:—
Drury Lane.
THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.
REVIEWS.
CORRESPONDENCE.
MISCELLANEOUS, &c.

ON THE CONFLICT OF INTENSITY IN LIGHT AND SHADOW.

THERE is a natural condition, inseparable from the art of painting, of which but little notice is taken by the artist, and none whatever by the critic. Though this condition has nothing directly to do with conception, expression, composition, harmony, and the rest of what are generally denominated the higher qualities of a picture, it has so much to do with the execution of the whole that any amount of negation in its observance cannot but have a harmful influence upon the general appreciation of those higher qualities.

A notion is generally adopted, without inquiry, that the appearance of an object is an absolute quality residing in the object itself, and not a compound effect, that is composed of certain operations upon the individuality of sensation possessed by the spectator; these operations being the more or less perfect, according as the organs of the sensation themselves are more or less adapted to their complete reception. It may, however, be demonstrated, that the images raised in the minds of two different people by the contemplation of the same object are never in absolute agreement, as one and the same image; and the consequence which follows is, that a painting which would be to one spectator a tolerably true imitation (exactness is out of the question), would present to another an exaggeration of marked difference, not resident in the object, but in the person looking at it. Thus it is that an universally acknowledged absolute truth of imitation in a work of art is a theoretical supposition that is a practical impossibility—not merely from the insufficiency of artistic execution, but also from the universal non-conformity in natural perception of what is or is not true.

It may be supposed that individual peculiarities

in the organs of sense will effect all objects equally, and that the representation, subjected to the same media with the thing represented, they would, from being equally affected by the same peculiarities, suffer no consequences that could remove them from each other as a resemblance. But various qualities affect various perceptions variously; and as a work of art that is made to represent a round object on a flat surface, has other qualities than the round object itself, and as a near object made to represent another that is far off has also different natural appearances from those of the thing that it would imitate; so also the natural organ for the receipt or conveyance of sensation into the mind that is peculiar in its relative proportion of intensity or degree of perception between round and flat or near and distant objects, cannot be at all times satisfied with the execution of a work that has been suggested by another singularity of perception, having a different peculiarity of scale for such relative intensity. It will be, therefore, granted that an imitation of the same distant object cannot appear equally true to two persons on whose minds the same distant object does not produce the same impression.

But we believe that it may be demonstrated that all perceptions are singularities, and that the varieties of this individuality of sensation are as infinite as those of the forms and features of the human countenance; that an object at twenty yards distance would, to twenty different spectators, present the appearance of twenty different degrees of finish; from the muzzy indistinctness of outline that is so often at once the reproach and praise of Turner, accordingly as its effects agree with the natural perceptions of one critic, up to that highly finished amplexness of detail, the absence of which is denounced as an evidence of carelessness and fudge by another, who will insist upon seeing represented in a picture all that his singularity of organ enables him to perceive so distinctly in the object.

The question naturally arising from all this is, what is to be the orthodox endeavour of the artist under the circumstances? Is he, while securing the approbation of the few whose distinctness of organisation are approximate to his own, to risk the entire sacrifice of the good opinion of the great majority who see differently; or, may he be permitted to adopt such a medium of style as shall, by general conventionality, substitute an agreed upon representation, that may be received as a propitiation to all, instead of an attempt at *fac simile*, in which success can only be sufficiently estimated by one who sees in exactness of degree with the painter himself?

After taking into consideration the wide range in which these natural conditions of humanity must operate upon artistic production, it will be evident that a vast amount of uneducated criticism,

is nothing better than an assertion of mere individuality in perception, from which there cannot be deduced any thing that is either useful to the artist whose work is in review, or to the principles of art itself. This becomes, therefore, the fertile source of that vast sum of conflicting assertion, that, according to the modesty or assurance of the person, is bashfully proposed under the unassuming appellation of *opinion*; challenges dispute under the arrogant title of *judgment*; or successfully appeals against analysis under the incomprehensible denomination of *taste*.

There is little difficulty in the way of testing the truth of these observations. Without insisting on the formality of selection, but depending on the mere chance of mixed society, we would hazard proof by reference to any two individuals, and letting their comparative intensity of perception for far-off objects be measured by the number of yards distance, at which their ability to read a printed paper would cease; it being undeniably self-evident that all detail having the same degree of minuteness, would be to them equally impossible to perceive distinctly with the letters at the same distance. A picture, therefore, representing an object at that distance, would to one of these be true which represented the amount of detail he saw, and to the other in which the amount that was in excess of his own perception was omitted.

Is the representation of detail in pictured objects to be restricted to the amount perceived by the painter? We believe that such is scarcely ever the case. There is an insurmountable difficulty in the way of separating what you see from what you know. A man who did know what was written on a paper, would be able to distinguish the letters at a greater distance than one who did not, so are the features of a person, or the detail of an object more distinguishable when familiarized by former acquaintance; and there is generally a mixture of knowledge with perception in all artistic execution. Execution depends also very much upon other circumstances; and it is frequently the case, that the artist who perceives the least of the details of distant objects, is the most fastidious in the minuteness with which he will insist on describing them. He, therefore, fills up with what he thinks he knows, as a substitute for that he knows he cannot see.

To this extent representation is a conventionality in almost all pictures. The leaves of trees, for instance, are, very generally, most minutely described by those that see the least of them. They do not paint what they know, but what they believe to be their appearance.

We may account for this by reference to the distinguishing characteristics of long-sighted and short-sighted individuals, through all the links of intervening perception that connects them with each other. We shall then discover that those who

possess the exceeding intensity of observation that perceives near objects minutely, have but a confused comprehension of such objects in nature as are more distant; while those whose organs of vision will enable them to distinguish satisfactorily very distant objects, have not always the necessary exactness of discernment connected with minute objects, so near to the eye as the canvas upon which they paint, as will enable them to represent faithfully, and with fulness of detail, the image the distant object produces on their own thought. Few can estimate how much these discrepancies have to do with the variety of opinions on a work of art.

These are among the many difficulties in painting, of whose existence of the amateur critic does not dream, that render conventionality not a choice, but a necessity. Distant objects seen exactly and with full detail, require greater delicacy in manipulative execution than near objects so seen; for breadth of handling and largeness of parts are entirely in favour of the latter. It follows, therefore, that the short-sighted painter, who sees near objects well, is more fitted for executing the true perception of the man who sees well a distant object, than is the seer of that distant object himself for imitating the effect produced upon his own imagination by it. He, consequently, produces neither that nor his own; but endeavours at an imitation of what he conjectures to be the medium between the two. Were this not so, those painters having the greatest intensity of sight for near objects would all be sketchers; for to them, distant nature appears as but a sketch: their perception of a near object, on the contrary, makes them greedy of detail; they miss that in a picture, which they do not see in nature, and are compelled to invent finish, even when they fail in evidence for its authenticity.

All art, therefore, and more particularly landscape art, is, to a certain point, a conventionality, or a generalization, in which there is taken into account all the variety of impressions that are included in the whole range of visual perception, and from the entire an abstract medium of endeavour is assumed to be agreed upon. The natural principles upon which this conventionality is founded becomes therefore a portion of the necessities of artistic education. In these the true natural qualities of objects, that force themselves upon the acknowledgment of the majority, must be selected from among the multitudinous peculiarities that have only their existence in the individual misrepresentations that are derived from the extremity or insufficiency of personal organization.

One of these inherent qualities in objects we will designate under the term *conflict*. We believe that this quality in art is one, the principles of which have been less attended to in Great Britain, than in any other country that makes pretension to the dignity of a school; and we also believe such neglect to have been of much disservice to our continental reputation. Though we have had occasion to observe that it is a component in the execution of some artists, as being an universal natural appearance that cannot escape the observation of those who make close imitation a principal endeavour, we have seen nothing in a modern British work that would prove the complete comprehension of its range of action. This quality has to do with brilliancy of light and transparency of shadow; and, by a sufficiency of fulfilment of its laws, all outline, in

itself the most clumsy of any of the conventionalities of form, as being but a subterfuge for thought and an evasion of labour, is rendered unnecessary. *Conflict* is the complement of intensity in light and shadow; and, although the degree of its use must be entrusted to what may be called tact and experience, its abuse or deficiency is at once evident to those who judge of naturalness of effect in reference to its presence. The observations on which it is founded are general in nature. Its analogy pervades all art; not being peculiar to that of the painter, but giving relief to oratory, poetry, and acting. Upon it, as a principal foundation, was built the originality of the elder Kean. It was in him that comprehension, founded upon latent reason, which is called genius. It prompted him to give relief by contrast. It forms the groundwork upon which O'Connell has constructed the mixture of the pathetic and the humorous, which has rendered him unrivalled as the orator for a mob, and it is also the principle that has enabled him to give to that which is commonplace, a character of sublimity, by surrounding it with that which is vulgar. It will thus be found that the extreme of brilliancy in a white, can only be obtained by surrounding it with an intense black, and that all black objects may be best supported by administration of relief from the intensity of the brightness near them. We may not be understood as proposing these resources as conventional means; but as the assertions of a natural truth, that has been proved universally by experiment.

Let any dark object be held up between the spectator and a lighter object beyond. It will then be observed that the dark object will be darkest on the very edge at which it comes into immediate contact with the light one; and that the lighter object will be much lighter at the edge that marks the intervention of the dark object between it and the spectator. This is an universal truth that is not sufficiently comprehended by the generality of English artists, and which demands a delicacy of treatment that is rarely found in the execution of any. The French sometimes use the *conflict* to excess; but it has been more discriminatively acknowledged in the works of the Dutch painters; and is, indeed, one of the principal excellencies upon which their reputation has been founded. The great difficulty in the way of the exact appropriation in amount of this quality arises from the fact, that any increased intensity of lightness or darkness of the edges in contact, depends upon the amount of difference in local shadow between the opposing tones; the greater the real difference in these masses causing a corresponding increase in the added intensity of the conflict between their two edges; the difference is equally marked on both sides; sharp and distinct towards the other, but softened gradually into its own mass. It will also be observed that the width of each space affected to intensity by its neighbour, is correspondent to the magnitude of the object with which it is in conflict. Thus a broad mass of light will be surrounded by a broad exaggeration of the dark at its edge, softened gradually into the lower tones around; but where the light is slender, the dark is also proportionately slender, and the softening more abrupt.

To evidence this still more satisfactorily, and prove that the tone is not positive in the object, independently of its relationship with its opposition neighbours, let a round staff be held between the spectator and a back-ground of two descriptions of

tone; one of which shall be lighter, and the other darker than the staff: that is, let the form of the staff intercept the view of a portion of a lightened and a portion of an obscured object. It will then be plainly observed, that the portion having a back-ground lighter than itself will present to the spectator a sharp black edge, supported and exaggerated by an immediate neighbourhood of brightness, while on the part that intercepts the dark back-ground there will be distinctly observable an edge of light, not merely lighter than its back-ground, but far lighter than any part of its own mass where opposed to the lighter-toned back-ground. This effect of *conflict* of opposing intensities is an universal principle in light and shadow, only differing in degree with the degree of difference between objects that are in pictorial contact.

In large masses of shadow, composed of various objects of different neighbouring tones, we shall perceive that transparency is produced by means of trifling exaggerations of difference that cause a greater opposition of tone in the contour, and that presents distinctness of form without any disturbance of breadth. The sharpness of this edge never constitutes what is termed hardness in a picture, where there is a mutuality of preparation on both sides for its justification. But this is beside the question: prove the *conflict* to be a natural principle, and it may not be termed hard; for any species of softness that may not refer triumphantly to nature for its sustenance is an unorthodox invention and a mannerism, and comes under the category of *fudge*. We may refer to Rembrandt's picture of "The Woman taken in Adultery," in the National Gallery, as an example of the judicious use of the *conflict*. In every portion of that beautifully painted picture, it may be observed that transparency is maintained without hardness by its use; indeed, there is scarcely a Dutch master whose works are not highly illustrative of the necessity of this quality in an imitative work. To such as, from peculiarity of organization, may find it difficult to sufficiently estimate the amount of difference in *contour* that is caused by this principle in nature, we would recommend an examination of its effect in the process of the Daguerreotype, and they will find that, where the edge of the shadowed building is in opposition to the sky, there is not merely the edge of light and darkness, but that the light portion has made such an impression upon the plate at the edges of the dark, as to arrest the flowing of the liquid in passing over the plate during its preparation. The same will be found where the forms of the hair, drapery, in fact any dark *contour* whatever, is surrounded by something lighter in tone than itself. We recommend, therefore, earnestly the study of the principles of the conflict of the compliments of intensity in tone, not as a matter of opinion or of taste, but as a natural fact that is universally connected with the transparency of shadow and the brilliancy of light; and as a quality in a picture, the absence of which renders any pretensions to truth of execution a demonstrable failure.

H. C. M.

ENGLISH SINGERS.

THE art of singing, the most delightful, the most fascinating, and consequently most popular branch of music, is one that even at this stage of the world's existence seems but little understood. Notwithstanding the many works written on the

subject, it is one which still labours under a vague cloud of ignorance. Whilst music generally has been studied and cultivated, so as to have reached the almost perfect standard of a science, governed by exact and determinable rules, singing, the most universally admired and appreciated, has been left to its own fate. The teaching of this branch which will be found the most difficult, is taken up by any one at hap-hazard, whose skill has possibly been limited to a little knowledge of pianoforte playing, and he thinks himself then competent to undertake the vocal art. The public generally have fallen into this notion so convenient to the profession, and thus master and pupil go blundering on; the professor, not only deceiving himself, but his victim, for a pupil is nothing else, under such circumstances. The art, in the mean while, suffering deeply from this infliction of want of knowledge of his metier in the artist, and the consequent ignorance of the taught one.

The art of singing is one which, in its first stage, is entirely independent of the rules of music. This doctrine, if we remember rightly, was first propounded in this country by Signor Crivelli, who, no doubt only carried out the principles of the early Italian masters. The first stage of the vocal art belongs to the physical science; the knowledge of the mechanism and action of the organ of sound, being the one point necessary to be gained. The function of the voice being thus developed, the singing then follows the ordinary course of music, and forms a part of the general art. The usual method has been the reverse of this very obvious system, and the consequence has been, that while we have first rate instrumental performers, who have studied in the regular routine, and have thus laid a good foundation to work upon, we have no singer who can claim a first rank, simply because the first principle has been neglected.

The mechanism and action of the vocal organ have perhaps, received more attention than almost any other part of the human frame; its very delicate construction, the wonderful power and capability of the voice, the range of notes and command of execution, have excited the curiosity and wonder of the world at large. But strange to say, that portion of it who profess to make it their peculiar study, have given themselves no concern whatever to understand this important and necessary part of the subject. The principal error of those who have written of the physical department, has been the assuming as *data* for the living subject, facts deduced from experiments on the dead; or of mechanical contrivances intended as imitations or copies of the organ itself. For a long time, a great quantity of verbiage about vocal chords, gave an idea that the voice was a stringed instrument, so to say; facts have, however, since proved, that it is entirely a wind instrument, and that the rising and falling of the trachea by the action of the breath passing through it, gives precisely the effect of lengthening and diminishing the tube, and consequently the variety of tones, in a manner corresponding to the lifting the fingers off, or placing them on the holes of the wind instrument by which the same process is effected. We may admit that a piece of wood, a little India-rubber stretched out to imitate the vocal chords, and a pair of bellows have given rise to experiments, suggesting many ingenious hypotheses; but we must confess that the matter ends there; the real use of the vocal organ can only be learnt by the

practical study of it in the living subject, namely, by the professor himself; and until this point is clearly understood and acted on, the vocal art will always be in a false position, and the consequence a lamentable deficiency in first-rate singers.

We have put forth this exordium as a sort of prelude to our intention; which is to give in a series of articles a clear account of all our English singers, explaining the quality of voice and other particulars, which it is hoped will be found acceptable in giving more accurate notions than are to be found mixed up in the vocal notices of our contemporaries; a specimen of which as referring to Madame Bishop, we, in a former number took notice of, because it was so calculated to mislead, emanating as it did from the great Leviathan of periodical literature the "Times." As a preliminary step, we will give a sketch of the different voices, which experience has determined that the capabilities of the human organ, male and female, may be divided into and must on this subject, own our obligations to a very able work, on the art of singing, by Signor Crivelli, a name too well known and appreciated, to require comment at our hands.

The compass of the human voice may be set down in general terms, as containing four octaves; that is, from double E on the bass to E on the third ledger line above the treble staff; there may be an instance of greater extension above or below, but it is rare. The male voices are denominated bass, baritone, and tenor. Of this last there are two qualities, light and strong. The compass of the male voice may be set down as two octaves and five notes; that is, from double E to C on the third space of the treble cliff. The female voices are the contralto, mezzo soprano, and soprano; their compass is three octaves, that is, from E on the third space of the bass staff (just an octave higher than the male voice), to E on the third ledger-line above the treble staff. The difference between the bass and baritone is more in quality than extent, but between these and the tenor there is a difference of four notes. There is also the space of four notes between the contralto and mezzo soprano and soprano, the two last differing more in quality than extent. Thus, in the human voice, male and female, the bass and baritone stand in the same relation to the tenor that the contralto does to the mezzo soprano and soprano. Of existing basses we have a fine specimen in Mr. Borroni; of baritones in Mr. Phillips; of tenors we must instance Mr. Harrison; his, however, is a light tenor. We do not now recollect an English strong tenor. Of contralto there could not be a more splendid example than Miss Sarah Flowers; of mezzo soprano we have Madame Albertazzi, for we must claim her as a countrywoman; and of soprano we will take Madame Bishop, although not a pure specimen as it is now heard, whatever it may originally have been. We have given these examples of the different qualities of the human voice, as any one by hearing them could thus gain a clearer idea of the classification than could be learned from even a very elaborate description.

We now proceed to our catalogue of singers, premising that we select the names just as conveniences suit us, and not in any regular order of classification of voice, or of merit in the individual. Madame Bishop, whose maiden name is Riviere, received her musical education at the Royal Academy of Music, which she entered as a student

in the year 1824,* and continued there for the space of four years; at first she studied the pianoforte, and becoming a proficient, played in public at the concerts of the institution. It was subsequent to this she took to the vocal art, which she studied under Vercellini, one of the masters of the Academy, and appeared as a singer at the concerts. On leaving the institution, she placed herself under the tuition of Sir Henry, then Mr. Bishop, for the purpose of learning what is called English singing; a sort of notion existing that English singing is different from Italian or any other; an absurdity which we hope to see put an end to. The art is general and must be studied as such; the different styles, which may be divided into two great branches, sacred and secular, being at the option of the individual to study more particularly, as inclination may lead, or the natural quality of voice suggest. The consequence of this relative position of master and pupil, was a more intimate connection, and Miss Riviere became Mrs. Bishop; she confined herself principally to concert singing and teaching, until the year 1838, when the Earl of Westmoreland, then Lord Burghersh, determined on giving a representation of his opera, *Il Torneo*, which had been performed with much success at Florence, during his lordship's residence there as Ambassador. The opera was produced at the St. James' Theatre, July 20th, 1838, before a crowded audience, comprising the principal nobility and gentry, and passed off with *eclat*. The noble lord, from the repeated demands, being obliged to appear before the curtain, when he was overwhelmed with a shower of bouquets. The principal parts were sustained by Madame Bishop, Miss F. Wyndham, now Madame F. Lablache, Signor Ivanoff, and Mr. Stretton. This we believe was Mrs. Bishop's first appearance on any stage, and possibly gave the first idea of taking to it altogether, as she displayed considerable histrionic powers; however, she confined herself for some time to giving scenes, dressed in character, originally, we believe, suggested by Bochsia; and in this species of performance she made a great hit during a long tour in the provinces; producing, wherever she went, a great sensation; she subsequently went on the continent, and made her *début* as a regular operatic singer, at Naples, in the character of *Amina*, in *Sonnambula*. During a stay of some years, she visited all the principal towns, from Naples to Petersburg, sometimes with but doubtful success, but sufficient to present to an enterprising manager like Mr. Bunn, an anxiety for securing her services at his theatre, where she made her *début*, as is well known this autumn, in the *Maid of Artois*, and has subsequently performed in the opera of *Loretta*, the part being expressly written for her, by Mr. Lavenu, the composer, an account of which will be found in a former number.

Madame Bishop's voice is, as we have stated, a soprano. The ordinary description of soprano voice possesses clear silvery tones, without any great power, excelling more in brilliancy of execution than in sustaining sounds, which are essential for the opera seria. It is more adapted for melo-dramatic writing, and the Italian composers have confined it to this class, reserving the opera seria for the mezzo soprano. Madame Bishop's does not possess this clear silvery tone:

* The dates are given as accurately as could be ascertained; but should any errors creep in, either in this or other statements, we should be happy to be set right.

from forcing the breath, and using muscular contraction of the part in the production of the tones, it has lost all power of vibration, and the consequence is, the feint quality; and to make her voice tell, she must always force it, until, as may be observed, it has acquired a harsh and piercing character, rendering it unapt to blend with other voices in concerted pieces, and taking away the power of clear articulation of the words; for it may be remarked, that the words she uses are quite inaudible. The compass is limited to about two octaves, from E on the first line of the treble staff to E on the third ledger line above. The most powerful notes of her voice will be found from C in the third space to the octave above, the notes below being very weak, and those above very harsh, as they must always be forced out. Madame Bishop may be considered a good actress; occasionally, indeed, producing very great effect in some passages of sentiment; but her speaking voice has been rendered so weak, as to give almost a painful sensation of great effort; on the whole, we may sum up, that had Madame Bishop been taught on sound principles, she would have been a very first-rate acquisition to our operatic stage; for her passages of execution, and her shake are exceedingly well performed, giving indications of unwearying study and perseverance, which must have raised her to the first rank as an artiste, and which alone she has been prevented from attaining by want of due attention, in the first instance, to those rules which have been laid down for the formation of the voice, and without which it is clearly impossible to acquire that command over the organ, so as to be able express whatever is required in the best possible manner.

Mr. Harrison received his musical education at the Royal Academy of Music, which he entered in October, 1836, and continued until the June in the year following, a period of rather more than a year and a half. He was a pupil of Signor Crivelli, taking lessons in English singing of Sir George Smart. He sung with success at the concerts of the institution. On leaving he made a sort of *debut* at the theatre at Brighton; this, was however, more for getting into a little practice of stage business. His first *debut*, as a singer, was at Drury Lane, on 1840, taking the part of principal tenor in Mr. Rooke's second opera, *Henrique*. To learn this opera, he placed himself under Mr. Rooke, as a master; his first appearance was not attended with success, but his subsequent exertions have raised him deservedly high in popular estimation. He was at Covent Garden under Madame Vestris's management, since again a Drury Lane, where he now is. Mr. Harrison's voice is a light tenor, more powerful than soft. He can produce a good effect in passages of declamation, and also in very soft passages; but there is no *mezza voce*, no middle degree of sound, and, on trying to acquire this, by not attending to the principles of the art, he has gained a habit of screwing out the upper notes by muscular contraction, detrimental alike to the quality and the execution; he articulates, nevertheless, very clearly and distinctly, and, indeed, is almost the only singer whose words can be heard; his attitudes are not altogether graceful, there being a certain awkwardness of manner both in walking and standing. The ordinary compass of a light tenor is somewhat more than two octaves, from B flat, A on the second ledger line below, or up to C on the second ledger line above the staff, this note Mr. Harrison can take, but B flat is, perhaps,

the usual limit; the best part of his voice is from G second line to G above, but there is a defect in passing beyond the F, for here Mr. Harrison begins the muscular contraction in producing the upper notes, and the consequence is that now he sings very often and out of tune. We must do him the justice to say that in whatever he undertakes, he shows always that he has studied his part very carefully—a good quality which we would recommend more generally to the notice of vocalists.

C. J.

(To be continued.)

OPINIONS ON THE DRAMA.

AMONG our correspondence, in another part of this number, we have inserted a letter, signed Dramaticus, which alludes to the proposal that has been made in some quarters of an appeal to the aristocracy or the opulence of Great Britain, for assistance towards the re-establishment of the national drama on a firmer basis than is promised by any other apparent means.

Dramaticus inquires why the aristocracy should be so called upon? The reply is simple: an application for the means to accomplish an object can only prudently be made to the class who hold that means in their possession. The aristocracy of England is that class; and we have little faith in the happy result of any endeavour that does not, at least, include its members as a party in the attempt. THE FINE ARTS' JOURNAL has little to do with politics; and we would desire to conduct it in such a manner as that the opinions we hold on those subjects—and they are not in any case extreme—should remain a mystery to our readers. We will, however, not endeavour to evade a duty by an affectation of contempt for what is considered to be the model of our society, even by those who are the loudest in its abuse. We do not, considering the advantage of the theatre, refer to the aristocracy in any other point of view than as connected with our belief that the permanent revival of the drama depends upon its being reinstated in all its fullness among their amusements. It is not necessary for this belief that we should have any great veneration for the opinions of a member of the House of Peers. No thinking person has respect for the opinions of any man, or set of men, unaccompanied by the reasons on which the opinions have been founded. But every one does not feel it necessary to think on every subject; and the majority of mankind are apt to consider fashion has so much to do with what it is reasonable to like, that a noble recommendation has become your only sufficient justification for being pleased with anything. So long, therefore, as we have an aristocracy, from that body will emanate the regulations of every species of amusement whose success is dependant on the ability to attract a crowd; and until the aristocracy has ceased to be in this country—of which event we can perceive at present no symptoms—the drama, along with every other species of enjoyment in society, can only have respectability of existence through its countenance and encouragement.

The musical mania at present so prevalent, owes its entire support to the hothouse culture of noble patronage. The multitudes that slumber (for they are mentally asleep, if not physically so) in the pestiferous atmospheres of morning concerts, and evening concerts, and Italian operas, and English operas, and German operas, and French operas,

and *soirées musicales*, and promenade concerts, would soon awake to wonder at their own delusion; and the houses now too small for their reception, were it once whispered that music was no longer a resource against *ennui* for the highly-born and richly-dowered, would become so many deserted temples, whose votaries had at length asked themselves the reasons for the faith that had seemed to be in them, and had discovered that they had been duped by the seeming of others.

Do not, therefore, let those who desire to witness the revival of a national drama count too lightly upon the advantages of aristocratic patronage. Although it might not fill the house of the drama with lovers for the drama's sake alone, the real votaries would not be the less advantaged by the change; and its return to a triumphant assertion of its power upon the mind of man would add multitudes of true believers in the mental advantages that it possesses above all other intellectual relaxations.

We believe that the decay of the drama is greatly attributable to a misconception that has been prevalent among play writers, that as the majority of an audience was composed of the middle classes, it was therefore their (the writer's) cue to administer to the prejudices of that majority in all that was prepared for them. We thus find in the works of Sheridan Knowles, Douglas Jerrold, Bulwer, &c., a series of violent attacks on what they choose to term (as if there were any prejudices 'confined to a class') aristocratic prejudices. We would illustrate this remark, by reference to that very silly invention of my *Lord Tinkle*, in the *Hunchback*; a character that is a foolish conventionalism to all, and cannot choose but be a disgusting insult to the order of which it is represented to be an example. It was, no doubt, intended as a delicate flattery to the shopkeeper and the professional, and was expected to be received by them as a token of general elevation of character among their equals, consequent to the success of an attempt at the degradation of those above. The coarseness of the flattery was, however, liable to a different interpretation. The author had all the advantage of the good humour so produced; but every so obtained success was an additional blow to the respectability of the stage, that ended in the defeat and dispersion of its most influential supporters. The consequence has been what we now deplore. The stage, once deprived of its ancient patrons, eminently that class of beings to whom amusement is a necessity, the middle class and professionals have deserted it as a matter of course. That mere sound has been made the substitute of intellectual enjoyment, is only an evidence of the powerful influence of the class the dramatic authors have been stupid enough to insult; in that the drama's boasted literary recommendations have been insufficient to sustain the stage, when the support derived from that influence had been withdrawn. To raise the drama from its fallen state, therefore, it must again become the fashion; and it can only become the fashion by assistance from the leaders of public opinion on such subjects; to obtain which, its conduct must be governed by considerations in which even the prejudices, if you will have it so, of that class are treated with civility, if not with deference.

Our correspondent allows that assistance from the press is hopeless. The corruption of periodical writing of which he complains is, however, in a fair way to cure itself; and we may yet live

to observe it become ridiculous to insert an opinion in a newspaper. The facts themselves are even now matters for very serious consideration before they acquire belief. The drama, however, has suffered more from the ignorance than the knavery of those that have undertaken its literary superintendence. It is one of those departments for which the editor does not perceive the necessity of fitness in the writer. It has been therefore made over to the tender mercies of those two qualities that are the usual concomitants of assurance—speciousness and facility, which are now the substitutes for every other efficiency in a writer for the press. Facility is, indeed, so absolutely a necessity, that if the critic does not possess it, he must appear to do so; and it is curious to notice the variety of contrivance made use of for this purpose. We shall often find a column of matter headed with the name of the theatre at which a new drama had been produced the night before; and when the time at which the paper goes to press is compared with the time at which the play concluded, the rapidity of the writer seems a wonder; but, on examining the article, the wonder vanishes, as we then discover that nine-tenths of the column has nothing whatever to do with the performance that took place that evening,—that there is more than a probability of the plot having been furnished by the manager or the author, and that the slight notice of the acting, if there is any, would be very bad evidence of the critic's presence in the theatre at all. The consequence is, as our correspondent states, that the actor cares nothing whatever for the opinion of the press, which he divides into two categories—the ignorant and the corrupt. Facility and speciousness, however useful in providing matter at a short notice, have no charms for those that know anything of the matter that is in discussion, and are worse than neglect for what they undertake to direct, while every succeeding year is more and more successful in exposing the deficiency of that wordiness of pretension that mere literary acquirement brings to the discussion of matters which imperatively demand individuality of attention to comprehend sufficiently.

The *Times* newspaper of Monday week contained some reference to the main subject of this article, the decline of the drama; and it is a fair specimen of the manner in which such subjects are treated. This is an instance of that fearlessness of literary attempt which is the disease of the press. Any writer of this class will dash confidently into any subject, without suspecting that he cannot exactly know that which he has not had any opportunity of examining. Though this writer has, it is evident, but little acquaintance with the facts on which his reasoning should be founded, he is not the less dogmatical in the form in which he produces his opinions. He states with an affectation of profundity, that the "Great wound to which dramatic writing in general is subject, is the separation of the man of literature from the man who understands the stage; and all those squabbles between neglected genius and successful playwrights, which may so often be heard at the present day, are traceable to this one source. The man who is to restore the British drama to a high position, if such an event is ever to take place, must add to extensive literary culture and a power of philosophical reflection, that practical knowledge, which can only be acquired by sniffing lamps and rubbing against the *coulisses*. He who comes to the stage with the

former qualification only, will, *perhaps*, gain the admiration of a few readers, but will produce an unactable or barely actable crudity. He who comes to the stage with the latter qualification only, will satisfy the 'fast' fellows of the day, who want now and then to lounge away an hour or two in a theatre, but he will leave unsatisfied those who are anxious to see carried out the higher objects of literature." What is the meaning of all this? What are the higher objects of literature, whose fulfilment in a stage play is distinct from dramatic propriety? What else is desirable to the true playgoer but occasions in which fine acting can personify selected truth?

What follows is still more wide of its pretended purpose. "In the early days of the drama, when the mere utterance of a reflection, or the mere power of telling a tale in a dramatic form, was a novelty, the writer for the stage had a much less difficult task to perform than at present—indeed he had only to write his play, satisfied that he was up to the level of his audience. But the modern dramatist has a far more difficult mission, if he would attain that eminence which is assigned to his predecessors. He meets an audience to whom reflections as men and things are so familiar, that when he would utter a wise aphorism, it is ten to one if he gives vent to a sentence so trite, that it either is practically a truism, or it is at once recognised as an exploded absurdity. He meets an audience to whom, through various *media*, such a variety of character has been presented that numbers can cry, 'Oh, this is but a copy of Mr. Whats-his-name in so and so.' If he tells no new trick, he must not expect men who have read much and thought much, to pretend to be greatly edified. If he does not tell his new truth in a dramatic form, he must not expect men to whom the air of a theatre is a natural atmosphere, and who can detect dullness and lameness by a sort of instinct to put up with his lucubrations. Civilisation has made the age exigent." Here we have a series of gratuitous assumptions, every one of which can be traced no farther than the writer's brain, if indeed, as we very much doubt, that portion of his organisation is ever troubled as a prologue to his pen. There is, in the first place, an assumption that the productions of the early ages of the Drama would now be trite and common-place in the face of the opposing fact, that Shakspeare, to those who comprehend him best, is an inexhaustible fountain of freshness, beyond the ability of all the present self-lauded literature, were it to club the entire of its reading and its thinking, to so imitate as to suggest remembrance of its model. The truths he tells us are always new; and our belief is, that the drama does not need the aid of the literary body at all; and happily it does not, for if it did its case would be hopeless. The stage must be regenerated through good acting and good management. The audience is by no means made up of the wonderful clever people the writer would intimate. Our complaint is, that they are far too easily satisfied; are great gudgeons at clap-traps; applaud noise, and are becoming every day less competent as a body, to judge of the quality of what is set before them. As for the aphorism with which the paragraph closes, it is untrue;—civilisation has not made the age exigent as regards the stage; and had the writer been familiar with the history of the drama, he would have known that there is at present no such thing as criticism, either in or out of a theatre. Since "*Quid pro quo*," which took a month to damn, there has been

no instance of the condemnation of a play until that of Bolton's *Life*, although the *Maiden Aunt* was among the number of productions that were gravely and scandalously praised by the literary scribes that assume the domination of everything. Had Bolton paid them their price, his play would, no doubt, have been treated more leniently. The writer follows this assertion by saying, that "the damnation of a play is no very extraordinary occurrence, while that of a pantomime is almost a wonder." We believe that it may be truly stated, that the number of dramatic pieces now produced are ten times those of equal periods thirty years ago; and we are secure in asserting that there were five times the number of failures then that there are at present; while there are many more that remain stock pieces out of the average of ancient attempt: and we believe also, that there has been more disapprobation vented in hisses at the pantomimes of the past Christmas than has been shown to all the dramatic performances of the preceding year. So much for facility and speciousness.

The notorious corruption of the press, alluded to by our correspondent, has had more to do with the degradation of the drama than it will ever have the influence to make amends for. The article from which we have made the foregoing extracts, was a sort of prological spinning out of what would be supposed by the unsophisticated reader to be a notice of Perlet's acting, in Scribe's comedy of *Bertrand et Raton*, already familiar to an English audience as *The Minister and the Mercer*, and which was produced some years ago at Drury-lane Theatre, when Farren acted the character now played by Perlet, and Dowton that by Cartigny. The absurdity of such pretensions to criticism may be estimated, when we state, that the notice of the two principal actors was contained in the following words:—"Need we say how these parts were played by Perlet and Cartigny?" Upwards of two hundred lines of notice of the reproduction of an old play, of which nine only are devoted to the acting!!

This is the true malady of the drama, and it is this betrayal of its interest by the press that has rendered the patronage of the aristocracy a positive necessity. A sufficient fulfilment of the duty of criticism would have chastised the pondering to vicious prejudice in authorship, and plays would not have descended along with the refinement of demand in audiences, until they can sink no lower. Managers would not have continued to substitute good actors for excellent, mediocre for good, and mean for mediocre, until there is not a house in London that can cast a play satisfactorily, although talent is to be had, now as ever, for the looking for.

We may not quit this subject without noticing a letter in a former number relating to the three-penny theatres. The author asserts that a three-penny audience is as exigent of good acting as any of those that pay higher prices. We have no doubt that a play of Shakspeare's could scarcely be acted so ill as not to afford a higher intellectual gratification than an Italian opera, of which nineteen-twentieths of the listeners could not understand a word if they were able to distinguish the articulation, and the remainder cannot, because to do that is an acknowledged impossibility; and if the performances at three-penny theatres were confined to known established dramas, much of our objection would be negated. But we know from the history of the stage till now, that when

the nobility were the rulers of the theatre the nobility were the parties flattered and the citizen was the butt of ridicule to the author; that now when it is supposed the citizen class has the predominance in the theatre, the dramatic writer, careless of anything but present success, has changed the topic of his piece, and rails against the vices, the follies, and the prejudices of those above, as if the immaculate middle rank were entirely free from such impurities. We know that this conduct has driven the aristocracy from the theatre, and that it has had its share of effect in lowering the refinement of the drama along with that of the audience it still succeeds in collecting. May we not then fear, that a farther descent in the scale, by again changing the character of the main supporters of the stage, will, at the same time, so reduce it in education, refinement, and intellectual exigence, as will motive the production of a class of drama so distasteful to the better portion of its present frequenters, that it shall expel another class of frequenters from the theatre, and degrade it still farther from hope.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

MR. WEALE'S PROPOSAL TO THE INSTITUTE OF ARCHITECTS.

In another page we print a letter addressed by Mr. Weale, the well known architectural publisher, to the Council of the Institute of Architects. Mr. Weale offers to undertake the publication of an annual volume of current architectural works if the Institute will give him its co-operation, on what we understand to be the following plan. The publisher to take the entire pecuniary risk; and to have the entire property of the copyright. The Institute to furnish him with the materials (to select the subjects from the important works of the time,—to obtain the necessary authority and furtherance from the architects,—and to provide the drawings and text for the engraver and printer); and for this every member of the Institute to be entitled to a copy of the work, and a certain number of copies to be set apart for the students or others who do the labour of making the reduced drawings and copying the text, as a consideration for their trouble.

As a speculation, we presume the publisher to have satisfied himself of its soundness. As to its being a fair offer, it certainly leaves the Architect no reason to object on account of that very important matter pecuniary risk. Our concern lies with it merely as a proposal to be viewed in its relation to the interests of Architecture. And we enquire thus. Is the scheme, as it is laid down, or any such scheme, practicable? Would it advance the Art? the British architectural name? the standing of the profession?

Is the scheme practicable? Mr. Weale speaks of similar works published for the Civil Engineers and the Royal Engineers; but the analogy here is so imperfect that our best course lies in considering the case of the Architects by itself alone. And here, whatever value we may attach to the axiom "Where there's a will there's a way," it need not be pretended by the most hearty despoiser of the Institute, or expected by the most earnest lover of the Art, that this scheme, exactly as it is at present offered, could be easily carried into execution.

As a fundamental, first, the Institute would have to obtain a higher standing than at present it (unfortunately) can claim to possess. Whether this

were to be had by extraneous powerful help, or by a remodelling of itself, it certainly must be had. The Institute of British Architects has the name without the fact implied in the name. There is no Institute of British Architects. If Mr. Weale's scheme is to be effected, an Institute of British Architects must be first formed. The chief men in the profession, (to say nothing of the chief patrons of the Art) have no connection whatever with No. 16 Grosvenor-street; and it is mere human nature that they would take very little pride in such patronage as the publication of their great works under its authority. Second-rate works could not be accepted by Mr. Weale; first-rate could not be obtained for him by the Institute. Barry, Blore, Cockerell, Smirke, Burton, Hardwick, would hesitate, would they not? to accept the invitation of George Bailey, Secretary, to send their Palaces and Halls and Mansions and Churches to the honour of the patronage of No. 16 Grosvenor-street. The Institute hangs in a gap between the first-rate and the second-rate;—the second-rate would be proud of the patronage, —but the second-rate would not suit the purpose; the first-rate would suit the purpose,—but the first-rate would not covet the patronage.

Mr. Weale's proposal, therefore, as made to the present so-called (or rather only *soi-disant*) Institute of British Architects, is certainly not a feasible one. The Institute cannot execute it. But that a real Institute of British Architects, possessing the true fullness of the character, and consequently commanding the full influence of the position, could carry such a scheme into effect, needs not to be proved. The plan of Mr. Weale is an ingenious and good one, if the *sine qua non* of the power were in existence. As it concerns himself, we think it an enterprising scheme, certainly; of its value to the Art we have yet to speak; but as it regards the Institute and the profession as they at present stand, we cannot but hold it to be perfectly impracticable.

Would it advance the art? That the annual volume of architectural works (if got up in a moderate style as regards expense, and at the same time well as regards completeness,) would find its way into excellent circulation, we have no manner of doubt. If we were suspicious otherwise, Mr. Weale's unqualified proposal is sufficient evidence; he is to be supposed to be too experienced in such matters not to have calculated well. We may consider that we have the best evidence for concluding that the publication of such a work would receive the encouragement of public appreciation. And if so, the advantage of the art follows directly, and at once, in the spread of architectural knowledge. The lack of architectural knowledge in the public mind is the great obstacle which the architect mourns over; and he is very much right: but that there exists no desire to know he dare not say. The Antiquary publishes his volume after volume on the interesting works of past ages—interesting because they are old; and it need not be doubted that the Architect, if it were fairly tried, would find appreciation even greater for the interesting works of the passing period—interesting in that they are grand and famous. If there are hundreds eager to possess the newly advertised record of this and that hallowed structure of the olden time, are there not equally hundreds who would be no less eager to possess the description of the grand Parliament-house or the beautiful palace which the world makes such a noise about? Possession

provokes examination, examination study; and Architecture would soon show itself much more generally understood, and much more truly and valuably appreciated.

Mr. Weale hints very delicately at the well-known saying of the foreigner, "England has no architects;" and perhaps not the least important good effect of the proposed publication would be the enlightenment of the foreigner. For however much we may feel it necessary to hit the English architect that he may jog on a little faster and better, yet will we stand up for him all the while that he goes as fast and as well as his neighbour, if not faster and better even as it is. That the foreigner holds him cheap is only the foreigner's own ignorance. But it is not the foreigner's blame: if we would have him hold us at our proper value, we must show him our work. To give the English School a high estimation abroad, in place of the present low one, Mr. Weale's scheme would be the best means possible;—if the English Architect would publish his great works as the foreigners publish theirs, no more would be needed for removing the false impression of his inferiority and asserting his true eminence.

We do not enlarge upon the advantage which the annual publication of the works of our chief Architects would produce in the advancement of Architectural skill, because it is too plain to need it. And we hope the said chiefs are none of them so deficient in the knowledge of what may be called the political economy of the matter as to fancy that their individual interest lies more in the concealment of their skill than in its dissemination. The spread of knowledge is surely known by this time to be the advantage of all.

If, as we have shown, the scheme would have the effect of extending the knowledge of Architecture, it does not require to be said that it must at the same time advance the standing of the profession. When it comes to be better comprehended what Architecture is, the Architect will receive more of his due importance as the direct result.

As regards the Institute we will be bold enough to say that we have now a good test of whether or not the moving spirits there have truly the disinterested advancement of Architecture at heart,—whether their desire is to see formed a real properly influential Architectural body in which they are willing to be units, or a sung little private clique in which they shall be permitted to be all in all. The Institute has now an opportunity to expand itself into a character more dignified and true; and, so doing, it has also here the best means that could be wished for establishing its throne, and constituting a proper authority, as the British School of Architecture. Surely there is some one to be found among our gods with the head and the heart to lead in this good object!

K.

THE FINE ARTS.

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S NEW PORTRAIT GALLERY AT DRAYTON MANOR. (From a Correspondent.)

THE magnificent portrait gallery at Drayton Manor is now entirely completed, and it may be asserted, has not its equal in this country. Sir Robert Peel had, prior to the building of this new gallery, several of the best portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and with the exception of the Royal

collection, the Right Hon. Baronet could boast of a larger number than any other private individual. Those works of that distinguished painter, with perhaps ten or a dozen other original works by eminent artists, constituted the nucleus of this matchless collection of portraits of eminent statesmen and men of celebrity in literature and the arts and sciences now brought together in the splendid gallery at Drayton Manor. There are upwards of fifty portraits exhibited in the gallery, the majority of which, particularly those only recently finished, have never been seen beyond the private circle of the Right Hon. Baronet. Before we enter on an enumeration of the portraits composing the collection, it will be necessary to supply a description of the new gallery itself.

The new picture gallery is attached to the south-east angle of the mansion, and forms a wing a hundred feet long in extension of the north front. The exterior is built of ash-laced stone, from Houghton. The style of architecture is that which prevailed during the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign and that of James I. An arcade extends along all three sides, surmounted by an entablature with an attic, upon which are small carved pinnacles breaking the outline of the building. The exterior is further decorated by four stone statues somewhat larger than life, the two towards the south or garden front representing Rubens and Vandike, and the two towards the north representing Reynolds and Lawrence. There are no windows, but a glazed sash door at the south-western extremity, which leads on to a new terrace, about 160 feet long, and 19 feet wide, decorated with a stone balustrade, vases, pedestals, &c. This terrace joins on to other terraces surrounding three sides of the mansion, embellished with a profusion of marble and stone vases, &c., which, with their straight formal lines, harmonise well with the building, and support the character of its architecture.

The new gallery is entered from the south-side of the entrance corridor of the mansion, through an ante-room by wide folding doors of carved oak. The north end of the gallery which is first entered is somewhat separated from the gallery itself, by a spacious arch, richly ornamented with carved oak pilasters, archivolts, pendants, &c. Through the arch the gallery is entered, which is divided into three compartments, by groups of 16 marble columns and pilasters. The ceiling is deeply carved and elaborately ornamented with the trusses, frets, pendants, and paneling which characterise Elizabethan architecture. In the cove are 30 heraldic lions with shields, bearing the initial letters of the names of Sir Robert Peel and his lady, and of his children. These lions are shaped as consoles, supporting the roof; the spaces between them are panelled with enrichments of foliage and fruit, formed into bands. The horizontal portion of the ceiling is trabecated and deeply panelled, and ornamented with scrolls and pendants. At the springing of the cove is an enriched entablature, which, with the cove and the whole of the ceiling, is of various shades of oak and walnut-tree wood. The walls are painted of a strong greenish neutral colour. The skirtings are of wainscot. The flooring is bordered with an inlaid band, of a scroll-pattern, consisting of oak, walnut-tree, and ebony woods. This elegantly-designed *parquet* work was executed by Mr. S. Spratt, of Bond-street, by his well-known steam carving machinery. The columns and pilasters above alluded to are of marble of the Roman Doric order, the favourite order of the architects of the reign of Elizabeth. The capitals and bases are of white-veined Italian marble; the shafts are each of a single block of Belgian marble, of variegated colours, chiefly of reddish hues intermixed with white. The pedestals on which they stand are panelled and composed of the same marbles. We had almost forgotten to mention that the pictures are wholly lighted from above by horizontal skylights in the roof, so placed that every part of each picture is advantageously seen from the proper points of view; the absence of any glare of light from windows level with the eye produces a quietness of effect which is very

favourable to the *ensemble* of the paintings. This recent addition to the mansion was erected from the designs and under the immediate direction of Mr. Sydney Smirke, F.S.A., who has achieved all that could be desired. The building was finished at the close of last autumn.

We have now to refer to the unrivalled series of portraits which adorn the gallery. Those personages who have had the opportunity to inspect the collection have been unanimous in their admiration of the general elegance, and consummate taste which pervade the whole arrangements.

The subjoined is the order in which the portraits are viewed, suspended from the walls as the visitor enters the gallery. Turning to the left the first portrait that meets the eye is—

1. VISCOUNT HARDINGE. By Lucas.—This admirable likeness of the Governor-General of India was taken just before that gallant nobleman proceeded to the seat of his Governorship, the uniform and accessories to the portrait being at that period in an unfinished condition. It is decidedly the best likeness of his Lordship in existence.

2. SIR DAVID WILKIE.—This half-length portrait of that inimitable painter is by himself. The face was alone completed when he was seized by "the ruthless hand of death," in 1841. He is represented as in the robes of a Doctor of Civil Law, the drapery of his robes being when he died in a forward state.

3. THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE. By Lucas.—A three quarter length portrait of that distinguished contemporary statesman. The likeness is most striking, and must be classed among the most successful works of that rising artist. It was painted in the spring of last year for Sir Robert Peel.

4. THE RIGHT HON. HENRY GOULBURN. By Pickersgill.—A splendid three-quarter portrait of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, painted by Mr. Pickersgill expressly for Sir Robert Peel. The Right Hon. Gentleman is represented holding an official roll in his right hand.

5. THE RIGHT HON. SIR JAMES GRAHAM, BART. By Lucas.—This portrait was taken last summer, and corresponds in size with the other portraits, by the same artist, in the collection. It is a most faithful likeness.

6. THE LATE LORD ABINGER. By Sir Martin A. Shee, P.R.A.—A most excellent portrait of the late Lord Chief Baron, taken shortly after his elevation to the judicial bench.

7. GIBSON (the Sculptor). By Geddes.

8. ARTHUR MURPHY (the Dramatist). By Sir Joshua Reynolds.—A valuable original, by the masterly hand of Reynolds, of that celebrated and talented contributor to the literature of our national drama.

9. THE LATE EARL GREY. By Lonsdale.—This full length portrait of that venerated statesman, has been recently purchased by Sir Robert Peel, of the widow of the artist. The Earl is represented holding a roll of writings in his hand, and was taken subsequent to his Lordship being enrolled among the Knights of the illustrious Order of the Garter, as he wears the insignia of that order of knighthood. The likeness is the best taken by any artist of late years. It is much praised, and some astonishment has been expressed that it was not secured by a member of his own family.

10. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Size, three-quarter length. It is almost needless to remark, when the painter's name is mentioned, that it is life-like. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1830, the year of Sir Thomas Lawrence's death.

11. THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—This is the three-quarter length portrait of the Right Hon. Baronet, taken twenty-one years ago. It must be familiar to our readers from having been repeatedly engraved in various forms. It was in the exhibition in 1826.

12. LADY PEEL. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—A companion to the above, and in the Royal Academy exhibition in 1825. This portrait has also been engraved.

13. THE LATE SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—A faithful resemblance of the venerable "founder of his family." It represents the respected Baronet seated, as best becoming his ripe years. It is not quite full length.

14. WYCHERLEY.—This celebrated dramatic poet appears in the vigour of early manhood, and it is said that the portrait was taken when he was at the age of 28 years. It is considered the best portrait of the dramatist extant. It has been engraved by Smith.

15. MR. SAMUEL ROGERS (the Poet). By Lucas.—A modern portrait, corresponding in size to the chief portion of the recent portraits in the collection. The likeness of the venerable poet is remarkably faithful.

16. MR. WORDSWORTH (the Poet Laureate). By Pickersgill.—An equally good likeness, and much admired.

17. THE LATE LORD BYRON.—This portrait is a duplicate of the celebrated likeness of the noble bard in the possession of Lord Byron, and was copied by Mr. T. Phillips, about three years back, for Sir Robert Peel.

18. COWLEY (the Poet). By Sir Peter Lely.—This portrait of that eminent poet was purchased for Sir Robert Peel at the Strawberry Hill sale, it having been many years in the Walpole family. This charming picture represents the poet in the character of a shepherd, with a pipe and a crook. Zinke made his famous copy in enamel from this prized original.

19. LORD LYNCHURST. By Pickersgill.—The portrait (full length) represents the Noble and Learned Lord seated in robes as Lord Chancellor.

20. THE LATE SIR WILLIAM FOLLETT. By Say.—This picture was taken under rather unfavourable auspices, and therefore the artist is not to be blamed if it be considered somewhat wanting in fidelity as a likeness. The lamented advocate, at the time he sat for his portrait, was suffering from the inroads of his fatal disease, and we believe that the artist was repeatedly delayed, owing to the illness of Sir William. At the death of that estimable man, the portrait was in an unfinished state.

21. THE LATE LORD ERSKINE. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—Another of Sir Thomas's best works.

22. LORD BROUGHAM.—A most admirable likeness of the Noble and Learned Lord. It is full length, and represents his Lordship as seated in the library, with his legs crossed. It is fully equal to the portrait of his Lordship in his own possession.

23. SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK. By Say.—The learned Chief Baron is here three-fourth length. It was taken three years since by Mr. Say, in order to add to this gallery of portraits.

24. BENJAMIN WEST. A good likeness of the American President of our Royal Academy, who succeeded Sir Joshua Reynolds.

25. OTWAY (the Dramatist).—This portrait was painted by Mary Beale, a pupil of Sir Peter Lely.

26. FUSELL. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—A fine portrait of that distinguished artist, in Sir Thomas's best manner.

27. JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—This large painting, originally 15 feet high, has recently been reduced. It formerly occupied a prominent place in the staircase of Sir Robert Peel's mansion in Whitehall Gardens. The great tragedian is represented in the character of *Robt.* It is placed at the extreme end of the gallery.

28. SHAKESPEARE.—An esteemed portrait of the immortal bard.

29. THE LATE SIR FRANCIS CHANTRY. By Jackson.—A three-quarter portrait of the late respected Sir Francis, painted a few years prior to his death. The likeness good.

30. CUVIER. By Pickersgill.—A beautiful portrait of the great French naturalist; we believe a duplicate of a painting highly prized in France.

31. PROFESSOR OWEN. By Pickersgill.—A first-rate likeness, recently painted for Sir Robert.

32. THE LATE SIR HENRY HALFORD, BART. By Sir Martin A. Shee.—A pleasing portrait of the

late President of the College of Physicians, in Sir Martin's best style.

33. VANDYKE. A portrait by himself.—It has no rival, as might be imagined.

34. DR. BUCKLAND. By T. Phillips, R.A.—This portrait of the then Professor of Geology, and the now Dean of Westminster is wanting in nothing.

35. THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—A full length representing that much beloved statesman standing in the House of Commons in the act of addressing his brilliant language to the assembled Legislature. It was painted by Sir Thomas in 1825, and was exhibited in the Royal Academy in the following year. This one of Lawrence's master-works.

36. LORD STOWELL. By Sir Thomas Lawrence. i.—This not quite full length portrait was in the exhibition in 1824, and was painted by Sir Thomas expressly for Sir Robert Peel. His Lordship is seated. It is a companion to the portrait of the late Earl of Eldon by Lawrence, hereafter to be noticed.

37. CZAR PETER. An original of that extraordinary Potentate.

38. THE LATE RIGHT HON. WM. HUSKISSON. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—A beautiful likeness of that talented statesman, whose melancholy death caused such national regret. It was painted a few years before the unfortunate accident which removed him from his useful sphere.

39. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—A full length, representing the Noble and Gallant Duke standing on a raised ground, wearing a military cloak, and having a telescope in his hand. This portrait was in the Royal Academy exhibition 1825.

40. THE LATE EARL OF ELTON. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—The Learned Chancellor is seated. It is not quite full length.

41. EDMUND BURKE. By Sir Joshua Reynolds.—A splendid portrait of that eminent statesman and orator.

42. JUDGE BLACKSTONE.—This portrait of that celebrated Judge was purchased for Sir Robert Peel the year before last, at the sale at Castle Priory, Mr. W. S. Blackstone, M.P.'s seat, at Wallingford.

43. THE LATE EARL OF LIVERPOOL. By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—This full length of that celebrated statesman, who for such a lengthened period presided over the Government of this nation, was exhibited in the Royal Academy, in 1827. It was painted for Sir Robert Peel. The Earl is portrayed as holding in his hand the Act of Parliament for the foundation of the National Gallery.

44. SOUTHEY (the Poet). By Sir Thomas Lawrence.—A faithful likeness of a difficult face.

45. WILLIAM PITT. By Gainsborough.

46. LORD STANLEY. By Say.—A most excellent portrait of the Noble Lord, taken last year.

47. GENERAL DUMOURIEZ.—An original of that gallant military commander.

48. LIEBIG. A fine half length portrait.—A remarkably excellent likeness of that distinguished chemist.

49. HIS LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF YORK. By Sir William Beechey.—His portrait is considered to have been the best likeness of the Royal Duke painted.

50. THE RIGHT HON. ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE COCKBURN. By Lucas.—This gallant officer is *en uniforme* with the decorations displayed he has so bravely merited. It was painted in 1844.

51. CAMUCCINI. By Geddes.—This portrait closes the entire series within the gallery.

Sir Robert has portraits of Sir Robert Walpole (by J. Vanderbank), the celebrated Countess of Kildare (by Sir Peter Lely), Sir George Beaumont (by Edward Owen), W. Dobson, the Court painter to Charles I, by himself, &c., in the old gallery as it may be termed. The miscellaneous paintings are principally landscapes of modern artists, and works of the highest class. As we purposed only to give a notice of the new portrait gallery, we refrain from particularising the remainder of the Right Hon. Baronet's collection.

MR. DONALDSON AND MR. LEEDS.—No. 2.

MR. LEEDS's statement of the offer made by Mr. Weale to publish an annual volume of *real architectural "transactions,"* which Mr. Donaldson denied, is now confirmed by the following letter:—

London, Dec. 22, 1846.

Sir,—As Secretary to the Institute of British Architects, I take leave to address you.

My attention has been drawn to the *Builder* of the 19th inst., in which, in reporting the proceedings of the Institute of the previous Monday, my name appears, as having "offered to engrave and publish the works of the members, if they should furnish the drawings."

In reply to the accompanying observations, I have to state, that having been (either in the year 1839 or 1840) requested to attend the Council of the Institute relative to the publication of prize drawings, which was declined, I availed myself of that opportunity of suggesting to the Council the propriety of publishing annually a volume of the works constructed by the members each year antecedently, to contain fifty plates and descriptive text; and that the drawings be reduced to a quarto size, to be placed in my hands, with fairly written copy for the text; all the expenses of the publication should be defrayed by me, and to present a copy to each of the Fellows, free of charge.

Some gentleman observed at the time, that the expense of the reduction of the drawing would be considerable. In answer to which it was stated, that it was my belief that many young men would be glad of so favourable an opportunity of bringing their names before the public as draughtsmen for such a work, free of charge. I am not surprised at the gentlemen who spoke in reference to my suggestion forgetting its occurrence, as the suggestion was not made in writing; it was received with such coldness, that a deep impression was made on my mind: I spoke of it with regret. At that time it was a favourite object to unite such an enterprise with the volumes of the transactions of the Institution of Civil Engineers, then publishing, and with the papers of the Royal Engineers, the latter of which has now reached the tenth volume.

I may be permitted to state that subsequently more than one million of money has been expended by the government of the country, and by public bodies, in the erection of new edifices; how much more must the desire be to see displayed, in print, works of such noble magnitude. It has been hinted that no such proposition could have been made. Mr. Donaldson states, that "it sounded more liberal than it really was." I beg now distinctly to state that I am still disposed to repeat my suggestion as an offer, and to carry out my original proposition on the following terms:—

1. To publish a volume annually, a selection of the public and private buildings of Great Britain and Ireland, in sufficient detail to be useful to the rising architect, and to explain thoroughly the art and contrivance of such structures, as shall be sufficiently plain to be useful to foreign professional men.

2. That the volume shall have fifty plates double and single, all to be engraved by the best engravers; that the same shall be accompanied with text, as stated in proposition 1.

3. That the work shall be arranged, and the drawings executed, under the direction of a publishing committee (the publisher to be one), who shall take upon themselves the editorial duties of the work.

4. The Institute, in determining the subjects, shall be directed to subjects taken from public or private buildings, which may be considered fair representations of the science of construction, and the cultivated state of architecture in Great Britain and Ireland.

5. That all the expenses of the publication of the annual volumes shall be paid by the publisher; and the Fellows of the Institute shall have each a copy, free of charge.

6. That a certain number of copies, to be agreed upon, be set apart for the students or others en-

gaged in making the drawings, as a consideration for their trouble.

7. The work shall, after the performance of these conditions, be the copyright of the publisher. I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN WEALE.

To George Bailey, Esq., Secretary, Institute of British Architects, &c. &c. &c.

We do not suppose that Mr. Donaldson stated the case so very unceremoniously as it is reported in *The Builder*—"in the next place the offer never was made;" and therefore we do not at all consider this statement by Mr. Weale in the light of a denial of a statement of Mr. Donaldson's. But it certainly is a confirmation of a statement of Mr. Leeds's. Mr. Weale *did* make the offer; and the Institute *did* reject it. The offer was not made in *writing*, but it was made. The rejection was not a formal one, but it was a rejection. The members of the Council have forgot it. Very well; it is not at all a strange thing that they have. Mr. Weale, who thought over the matter, and made the proposal, is the person to speak of it with most certainty,*—the more especially as he tells us that his suggestion passed almost unnoticed. It remains to be seen what the Institute will say to the offer *n w*.

Thus far, then, No. 2 has to be set down to Mr. Leeds. That his statement was correct is now proved. How far the suggestion itself deserves to be called "a most liberal proposition" or to be considered as a practicable scheme, does not affect the case,—the offer was made, and rejected, and *The Westminster Review* is so far right.

In our chronicle of this little piece of history it must not be supposed that we blame or approve either of the belligerents. We are a quaker in the matter,—we counsel no bloodshed, but we take a great interest in the fight. Mr. Donaldson is to us the representative of a party,—Mr. Leeds the same. In the two individuals we see two grand conflicting interests architectural; the idiosyncrasy of the individual does not enter into the case. We look upon the conflict of doctrine, and we are proud of both the men, as good men and true, each an excellent representative of his creed. And we hope, although we are not sure of it, to see this "pretty little quarrel" amplify into a grand conflict of the old light and the new. *Personal reproach* ought to be beneath the stature of both parties. We wish there had been less of it from Mr. Donaldson: we hope there will be none of it from Mr. Leeds. Neither of them deserves it. Both are meritorious men,—both will be remembered with gratitude when they are dead. In both the sincere love of art is equally strong. The war is not the battle of an assailant and a defender—an overturner and a builder up,—but the honest controversy of two good heads that only see with different eyes.

MONUMENT TO PALLADIO.

UNTIL recently, public monuments in memory of any but princes and warriors were rare, not simply in England but abroad. Within the last five years our continental neighbours have been working hard to supply the deficiency. In all the towns of France and Germany, statues have been raised to their great men. In Italy too, several have been put up, though not to such an extent as in the former countries. Amongst them is a monument to Palladio in Vicenza, his birth-place, which was completed at the end of last year. The French journal *L'Illustration* of the week before last, gives an engraving of it, and some few particulars, from which we gather, that this monument was raised in accordance with the will of the Count G. Velo, who bequeathed 100,000 *livres* for that purpose.

The statue of Palladio stands on a pedestal, two stories in height, with a genius by his side in the

* Since the publication of Mr. Weale's letter in *The Builder* we have heard of several persons who very distinctly recollect the suggestion being made.

act of crowning him. Seated on the first story of the pedestal, against the angles of the upper portion, which is less in size than the lower, are two allegorical figures, one representing Vicenza with a wreath in her left hand, and looking up with pride at the artist; the other Architecture, depicting the history of the art on a scroll, by a representation of a primitive hut, and the Pantheon. Between these two figures on the upper part of the pedestal, is sculptured in bas-relief the baths of Caracalla, to express that it was by the study of the antique monuments that Palladio formed himself.

At the foot of the whole is a sarcophagus in imitation of that of Agrippa, containing the remains of the artist.

The monument stands within an octagon chapel in the new public cemetery of the city, and is the work of M. Fabris, a sculptor of Vicenza. The material is Carrara marble.—*Builder.*

ROYAL ACADEMY.—The hanging committee of the Royal Academy for the ensuing exhibition will be C. R. Eastlake, Thomas Webster, and J. R. Herbert, Esq., the two latter being new members. We doubt not that a lively sense of their new responsibilities will ensure a conscientious discharge of the task they have undertaken. The new list of council is Thomas Webster, Patrick Mac Dowell, John Rogers Herbert, and Thomas Uwins, Esqrs. Visitors to the Life Academy New List—Abraham Cooper, Thomas Webster, John Rogers Herbert, and Patrick Mac Dowell, Esqrs. Visitors in the School of Painting—William Mulready, Charles Robert Leslie, Thomas Webster, and John Rogers Herbert, Esqrs. Auditors—William Mulready, Esq., Sir Richard Westmacott, and Philip Hardwicke, Esq.

OLD WATER COLOUR SOCIETY.—At their annual general meeting, Copley Fielding, John W. Wright, and F. Mackenzie, Esqrs., were re-elected as president, secretary, and treasurer for the ensuing year.

SOMERSET HOUSE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—The *Casus Belli* that has impelled the rebellion raging in this institution, is referred to the consideration of a committee, nominated for that purpose by the council, and consisting of Messrs. Cockerell, Etty, Gardiner, Hawes, Ker, Lefevre, Richmond, and Sir R. Westmacott.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.—Members for the present year 1846-47, will be entitled to copies of a fine engraving, now being executed by Mr. William Miller, after a noble landscape of Kilchurn Castle, Lock Awe, Argyshire, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. The picture is the property of Sir John T. Forbes, Bart., who has kindly placed it at the disposal of the committee, for the purpose of being engraved for the members of the Association. The members of last year will receive in the course of a short time, copies of the engraving by Mr. Lamb Stocks, after Mr. J. E. Lauder's picture of the "Ten Virgins." This print will be delivered at the residences of the Edinburgh subscribers. The country subscribers will receive them through the various honorary members. The collection of the annual subscriptions for the current year 1846-47, has now commenced.

THE DRAMA.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—This establishment for the first time in our recollection, did not produce a pantomime on Boxing-day. Some say, the sudden and general return of the other managements to the ancient custom, had bought up the *Harlequins* and *Columbines*, and all that sort of thing. Others assert, that the piece called *Colomba* was, after all, a pantomime, with a little of license in costume, in which Wright was the *Clown*; Miss Wolgar, *Columbine*; Madame Celeste, the *Evil Genius*; and Smith, the *Pantaloone*. This might have been the intention, for anything that we can

produce to the contrary. In fact, this little non-descript of a theatre is always a puzzle to us. We can never exactly tell upon what principle to judge of either its dramas or its actors; aye, or its audiences. Nobody understands them but Wright. It is a matter of wonder to us, how an ever-changing crowd can be so exactly governed by the same system—how the same joke that causes a guffaw to-night shall be as eminently successful to-morrow—how an actor can have the confidence, on his first entrance, to walk round the stage, looking at the public out of the corner of his eye with an expression as distinct as if he said it in words, "You're all fools; I know you are;" and it shall be responded to by a frantic laugh, as if every one of its individualities had been tickled under the fifth rib. We say, how all this can be done with as much certainty of success as a chemical experiment by Dr. Faraday, seems to tell much for the conformity of intelligence among mankind generally. On examination, however, we shall discover there are many circumstances that favour the actor in his delusion that may not be attributed to universal approbation, or even enjoyment on the part of his audience. They are not all such fools as he takes them for. In the first place, we must take into account that laughing is catching; and that good humour is so graceful in itself, that even grave people find so much enjoyment in its contemplation, they would hesitate to interrupt it. Then, we know a great many go to the Adelphi for the express purpose of laughing, and nothing else, and having comical associations connected with Wright, they laugh, not at the fun before them, but at the fun to come. A hundred such make much noise, and will be quite sufficient for the actor to start upon, as many more will laugh for company sake. There is, therefore, an actor spoiled, and a company spoiled, and, as a consequence, any drama in which they may be engaged, until any attention on the part of an author becomes an acknowledged waste of exertion. This was eminently the case in *Colomba*. Mr. Wright did not appear to have had anything written for him, neither was he fruitful in invention. Several times he remained on the stage with the determination to say something good, and succeeded in nothing beyond interrupting the other actors, in which exploit he was, as usual, triumphant. Mr. Lambert seemed frequently annoyed by him; and even Miss Woolgar, who is mostly patient, appeared fatigued with his pointless buffoonery. Verily, Mr. Wright, such spooneries would never have obtained you your present popularity, even at the Adelphi, and its continuous possession may only be hoped from a speedy reformation.

Colomba della Rebbia was acted by Madame Celeste. It is another of that large family of fiery, startling females of which we have had so many. Her father has been assassinated by one of a rival tribe; and it is a prejudice of Corsica, in which island the scene is laid, that the honour of the family is in abeyance until life has paid for life. Her brother, *Antonio della Rebbia* (Mr. Howe), has been an officer in the French army, and has returned to his island home divested of all the national peculiarities that are so sacred to his sister and the people by whom he is surrounded. He is satisfied with the judicial inquiry that has taken place, and entertains no thought of vengeance. The business of the piece turns, therefore, on the endeavours of his sister to awake him to what she considers his duty. Circumstances assist her in this endeavour. He is himself wounded by an assassin, and there are proofs produced of the suppression of evidence when *Barricini* (Mr. Cullenford), the head of the opposite faction, was tried for the murder of his father. He challenges the son of *Barricini*, is waylaid, and only saved from the hands of his enemies by the arrival of his sister, accompanied by the prefect and the gendarmier. This is the main building; the lean-too's are, *Colonel Neville* (Mr. Lambert), and his daughter, *Lydia Neville* (Mrs. Yates), English tourists in search of the picturesque; and their footman, *Barnaby Puffball* (Mr. Wright). Then there was Miss Woolgar, who had nothing put down for her, but made amends

by the exhibition of her lower extremities. It was asserted that Madame Vestris had sufficient enthusiasm for the arts to permit her leg to be enclosed in plaster for the formation of mould that might multiply the models of her well-turned limb. Madame's leg was very well in its way, but if legs could hold candles, we should say that it was not fit to hold a candle to Miss Woolgar's. Talk of *beau ideal* indeed! what need of *beau ideal* when we may contemplate the round delicately constructed truth there presented to us? There is the true school for art. Look at them, ye students of the Royal Academy, and grow fastidious. What could Greece produce in comparison? We sometimes fancy the ghost of Phidias revisiting this earth, and being tempted by the name, the only thing he could comprehend, strolling into the Adelphi, and there, on contemplating those beautiful pedestrianisms, tearing his ghostly hair that he is incompetent to correct his work equal to the excellence before him. Miss Woolgar is our consolation at this theatre; the perfection of her form recompenses our every other uncomfortableness. Yet would we sacrifice all this to see her in an establishment in which her dramatic capability would find opportunity for its full development. We think Madame Celeste is getting every day more rapid and less articulate in her pronunciation. *Colomba della Rebbia* will not add to her reputation. Mr. Lambert would act much better if he were permitted. Mr. Wright is never satisfied while another actor can look at him with gravity, and Mr. Lambert is obliged to laugh to get rid of him. Mr. Paul Bedford was as bad as usual; but Mr. O'Smith worse than ever we saw him before. Mr. Howe and Mrs. Yates seemed to be the only sane persons in the drama; Mrs. Yates, because she cannot be other than intellectual; while Mr. Howe has also the advantage of frequent practice in another theatre, where the liberties here taken are not permitted. We do not think the management expects a long run to this piece, for the getting up was by no means an extravagance.

THE PANTOMIME.—We were just—in fact we did observe, and have drawn the pen across the observation that pantomimes are not now such spicy affairs as they were forty years ago. We have withdrawn the observation, reader, not because we do not believe it to be true, but because we would not pass for an old twaddler that had outlived the enjoyment of anything but very ancient reminiscences. But every one must allow that there are very bad pantomimes now; not because people cannot make good ones, but because they do not try. They have not sufficient respect for the art: they do not approach the subject with enough of reverence to take all the precautions that are necessary to avoid failure. From the affectation of thinking that anybody could make a pantomime, has arisen the circumstance that nobody does make one; or rather that one man makes them all. It is reported that Mr. Nelson Lee has got a steam engine for this purpose, and that a manager has only to slip in any title that strikes him as attractive for a bill, into one end, and a complete pantomime immediately tumbles out of the other. But we do not believe this, at least not entirely; though the sameness of construction observable in the most of them very much assists the rumour. It may, however be accepted as self-evident that the resources of one man that were employed in the production of a single piece would have a result far more effective than the same amount of resource spread over a dozen; and as Farley, the ancient inventor did not possess less fitness for the task than Nelson Lee, the modern, we may be allowed to assume the condensation of such powers to a single effort, gave the schoolboys that were our contemporaries, some advantage. Again, the managers look upon their task too lightly. Three months were not considered too long a period for the full concoction of an affair that was to be referred to as an epoch in the lives of so many. How desirable for the drama, that the first impression made on the young mind should be a favourable one—that it should be ever after a delightful reminiscence;

something to talk about for the next half-year to boys who have serious relations to go home to. Thus not only sowing love for the theatre in the minds of their present visitors, but suggesting anxious curiosity and forbidden longings to the thoughts of others. Now, managers, with a condemnatory carelessness, set the example of despising these motley concatenations of eccentric comicalities by the trifling period they appropriate to their confectioning. The *Lyceum*, for example, was let to the promenade concerts within a fortnight before the public acting of the *Butterfly's Ball*, and well did the effect produced respond to the preparation made for it. The prologue, always a material portion of a pantomime, was an abortion as a ballet, for there were none in it that could dance, and a stupidity as a burlesque, for there were none in it that could speak. It had a harlequin that was a fat boy; a columbine that was not good humoured enough to look pleased; a pantaloone that was anything but funny; and a crowd of supernumeraries, that, having had no drill, were entirely in the way of one another. Scene after scene was dullness after dullness, and the dropping of the curtain was a relief to every body. The only tolerable assistant was the clown, Mr. Collier, and he had so much more than his fair share of the work that he was dead beat before the conclusion. Shade of the divine Grimaldi what has become of those large coverings of thy nether man, into whose capacities thou wert wont to cram such multifarious complications—a frying-pan, two pails of water, and a coal-scuttle, were but an indifferent stuffing to their extensiveness. And then, how he could squint—ye gods, how he could squint! It would be worth Liston's while to pay a clown for squinting like Grimaldi. What numerous operations for Strabismus when the boys returned to town at midsummer; for they would all squint in unison the intervening six months, and think they were acquiring an accomplishment. Then his song, now classical, Tipety Witchet, Hot Codlings, &c., still popular in the disguise of spurious imitation. We believe that if there is a music, truly British, it is that invented by the immortal Joe; a refined intensity of plain English, condensed into a solidity! Such a kicking for affection! But Grimaldi was an artist; every grimace of his was pregnant of meaning. It was expression carried to its extreme of caricature; but still it was expression. Talk of Garrick, and Kemble, and Young, and Cooke, and Keane, and Siddons, and O'Neil; all these came into comparison with one another; and, in instances, intrude on each other's orbit; but the immortal Joe Grimaldi's fame is unique as it is imperishable; without a competitor during his rule, or a pretender to rivalry since he withdrew from the comical routine that he called an existence. If it is a praiseworthy endeavour to make others happy, Grimaldi was as good as he was great. But the *Lyceum* pantomime we have said was a bore. We were, however, compensated by witnessing the intense enjoyment of the Lady manager, who, from a private box, set such an example of hilarity as saved the piece; for ourselves we laughed like one o'clock—a simile by-the-bye which we beg we may not be called upon to explain.

When claiming preference for the ancient pantomime, we must qualify the extent to which we could confine our assertion, as not including the BILL. The art of bill-making has progressed. Here the efforts of the schoolmaster have made an impression; and although they make worse pantomimes, they make decidedly better bills. Light literature has here room for display, and there is not a chance given away. The literary man looks proudly on his work, and consoles himself with the consideration, that if the pantomime is a failure, it is not his fault. Formerly they had a silly notion that the less there was said the greater would be the surprise; but now managers have decided that the main point is to get the people into the house; the rest being something that concerns the audience more than the actor. The opening of Drury Lane pantomime was one of the best; the *Lyceum* certainly the worst. It was not a failure

so much as a mean intention. There is one advantage to the actors in a pantomime—that when a trick is egregiously unsuccessful, the audience enjoys the scene-shifter's difficulties; it is an admission into the confidence of the stage, and to a certain extent, an unravelling of mystery. Many are not satisfied the scene is a flat until they have looked at it edgewise. There were many opportunities for that sort of satisfaction to inquiring minds on Saturday last. As might be expected, the Wellington statue was in great requisition everywhere. At the Surrey, the Deulin family took all the party-coloured responsibility upon themselves; Stilt Fenton and Stilt, and Miss C. Barnett did the needful at Sadler's Wells; Bologna, Paulo, Flexmore and Miss Burbidge at the Princess's; Rochez, Harvey, Jefferini and Miss Louisa Waite, at Astley's, and T. Matthews, Howell, Priorson and Miss Hicks, at Drury Lane.

THE TRUNKMAKER.

MUSIC.

DRURY LANE.—The *Bondman* still holds its way, and during the week has attracted very numerous audiences. Some share in this, no doubt, is due to the attraction a pantomime always has for the Christmas keeping folk. We wended our way one evening to witness "The Grand Comic Christmas Pantomime, being a mixture of the historical and legendary, entitled, *Harlequin and St. George and the Dragon*," such is the rather lengthy announcement in the bills. It contained in the first part the usual allowance of banging, thumping, and other pantomimic recreations. Mr. W. H. Payne, doing his utmost to create, *per fas et nefas*, a laugh, and in which he succeeds to the extreme satisfaction of the juvenile portion of the audience; nay, of the senile even, and no doubt most especially to his own. The hits, squibs, and jokes, after the transformation has taken place, are of the usual character, some political, some artistic, some scientific, and others fashionable, all no doubt intended to be comical; it wound up with the statue as it is, or Wellington at Hyde Park corner, and the statue as it was, or Wellington at Waterloo, which last, created by far the most sensation. On the whole, this pantomime is pretty good. We cannot deny it as some of our contemporaries have done; and although it does not come up to those we used to witness in days of yore, in the good old days of Joe Grimaldi, yet we have seen many worse—much worse, but the fact appears to be, that the relish for this sort of amusement is gone by. We are all on the march, and are now so given to looking forward, that there is no leisure left to enjoy the present; but we are growing sentimental, and so Messrs. Harlequin and Columbine, Clown and Pantaloone, we wish you all success.

THEATRE ITALIEN.—The direction of the *Theatre Italien* has not been more fortunate this year than last, in the choice of the works brought forward. After *La Fidanzata Corsa*, to give *I due Foscari*, is neither a proof of good management or taste! It is to count a little too much on the toleration of the public, the mildest, the most patient, and the least exacting in the world; always ready to submit in silence to what fashion or the *Theatre Ventador* imposes on it. It is true that this silence carries with it a terrible signification. Who can misunderstand it?

Last Thursday, the dogged attitude of the place left no doubt of the opinion of the majority. With the exception of three pieces, really good, and very much applauded, the rest of the work was received with indifference and ennui. It is a strange idea, thus to bring out one of the weakest productions of Verdi; already badly treated in Italy, notwithstanding the idolatry which has been shown for the present master. Whatever may be reserved for Verdi to do, *I due Foscari* is nothing but an unequal work, devoid of interest and altogether secondary.

The libretto is also as bad as it is possible to imagine; it goes through all the stages of a miserable melo-drama, with extreme awkwardness; the subject is taken from the Venetian Chronicles of the 15th century. Naturally, the Council of Ten takes a part, that of tyranny, barbarism, and persecution. Governed by this fatal influence, the *Doge, Francesco Foscari*, is seen, like Brutus, from hard necessity, to lend a hand in the condemnation of his own son. In vain the wife of the young *Foscari, Lucrezia Contarini*, has recourse to tears, to prayers, to imprecations. In vain she throws herself at the feet of the judges, of the *Doge*, showing them two little innocents, pledges of her love to *Jacopo*. The old *Foscari* is inexorable. All that he can do to prove his good will to his fair daughter, is to leave her to die after the execution of his son. As may be seen, the plot of the drama is not of a lively character; there is nothing but exile, dungeons, guards, tribunals, and death. The whole is sombre and dull, and soon tires. The poem of Francesco Maria Pavii wants the necessary element—variety. From beginning to end, the situation is very nearly the same. A prisoner in the first act, condemned in the second, and executed in the third, *Jacopo Foscari*, from the first entrance, does nothing but express regrets without end, and eternal protestations of innocence. The part of his noble and desolate companion, *Lucrezia*, is even less diversified, always weeping, cries and lamentation. It is certainly the most weeping character ever seen on the Lyric stage; handkerchiefs and sighs are always in play.

The contest in the heart of the *Doge*, between duty and paternal affection furnishes an excellent opportunity for inspiration in the musician. This is the part best treated. The person of the elder *Foscari* is well represented by Coletti, whose good method and expression deserves much encouragement. Coletti has powerfully contributed to the success of the three pieces, which are those only worthy of attention. It was owing to him that the air with the chorus in the third act was encoored; the trio of the second, where there is also a fragment of the trio. The Andante, *Nel tuo paterno amplesso*, obtained equally an fencore. This was beautifully sung by Grisi, Mario, and Coletti.

The prima donna found it impossible to give any relief to so ungracious a part. The audience kept her up by applauding a tragic scene which she sings at the end of the second act. There was also shown an equal interest in Mario, whose voice and style have very much improved. This artist, justly in favour with the public, sang with much soul and ability his first cavatina, although it was poor and insignificant.

This opera is much inferior to *Nabucco*, to *Ernani*, to *Lombardi*, and to *Attila*, of which the ultra-montane press made such a noise; it wants originality and variety; it is altogether commonplace. The melody diluted with that deplorable facility of which Italy boasts, is too often thus deprived of charm or attraction. It is not that the musician does not know how to keep up a brilliant power of sound, according to the quality of the voices, or that the harmonies are not sometimes unexpected; that the instrumental part has not been well treated, or that there is not almost always in the framework and in the rhythmic movement the true sentiment of the scene. But that cannot be considered a good work whilst the singing part, the first consideration in the musical art, is altogether defective, where it is not produced except under the commonest forms. This is precisely the weak point in Verdi, to judge, at least, of those of his operas that have been given at Paris. There are undoubted proofs of talent, but it is incomplete in itself. To merit here the high position in which he was placed in Italy, during the transports of enthusiasm, perhaps premature, Verdi must modify his style; if not, he aims at a more favourable position than that which *Ernani* and *Nabucco* has given him. Paris is less accommodating than Milan, Naples, or Rome. This is what the management of the *Theatre Italien* does not sufficiently understand.—*French Paper.*

Panofka, a distinguished violin player, has been secured by Mr. Lumley, for the Italian Opera orchestra.

We read in the *Segnale*, that Jenny Lind, will definitely go to London. Her stay at Vienna will be but short, as she goes to Milan, to study the Italian language, preparatory to her appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Her Majesty's Theatre will open with *Attila*, to be succeeded by *I due Foscari*, two operas by Verdi, which are as yet unknown to a London audience.

Mr. Stoltz is still ill; and *Robert Bruce* is again postponed. It would almost appear *sine die*.

Duprez, the celebrated tenor singer, has been appointed professor of singing to the Infanta the Duchess of Montpensier.

It is understood, that Mlle. Fuoco is engaged at the Covent Garden Theatre.

Mr. Bishop gives concerts the week after next, at Leamington and Coventry, January 11th, Tichfield, January 12th, at Birmingham 13th, and at Wolverhampton on the 14th.

THE DRAMA OUT OF TOWN.

It is but too common a practice for actors to cry out against country managers, and complain of the shameful manner in which they have been treated by them, making their hearers believe, that they, the actors, are persecuted lambs, the managers being all wolves. That there are some managers who do not always act consistently with right is unfortunately too great a truism; but the many, "Are more sin'd against than sinning;" and even many of those who are called *bad*, would be *better*, were it not for the actors themselves.

How many professors engage to sustain business, for which they do not possess one qualification; and yet they complain at receiving their stipulated notice to quit! Have they not deceived the manager, compelling him to deceive the public, by offering counterfeits, instead of genuine articles. The profession has done no wrong; but the manager by getting rid of the counterfeit, is a *bad* man!

How many ladies and gentlemen *accept* situations, and, at the eleventh hour, having had what they conceive a better offer, break faith, leaving their *first* manager to do without them, even as he can. And yet such ladies and gentlemen are *honourable* beings, and would be the first to declare themselves, "The most ill-used people in the world," were managers so unceremoniously to get rid of them. Still they have done no wrong, only bettered themselves. Albeit, their disappointing might have prevented a manager from opening, and kept a whole body of people idle. Nay, how many suddenly quit a manager, leaving their names announced in the bills for some essential character, especially immediately after their benefit!

As with all things, there is a mixture of good and bad, so with managers and actors; the *good* in both cases preponderating to a vast extent. Yet there are enough of the bad to stain the reputation of the good, and send forth the wolf-cry to the world.

THEATRE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.—This theatre re-opened on Saturday the 26th. (after a vacation of four days) with the *Earl of Warwick*, and the Pantomime—the house was crowded, and the business great since. The *Earl of Warwick* has been repeated twice, and *Barbarossa* played on Wednesday, which was repeated on Thursday; and on Friday, the *Wandering Boys*, with the Pantomime.—On Monday, the *Apostate*, and on Wednesday, *Bertram*. Mr. G. Cooke has rejoined the company, and Miss Lane and Miss Edmonds have been added, and will much increase its strength.

THEATRE ROYAL, SALISBURY.—This theatre opened on Monday last, with the play of the *Hunchback*, the part of *Julia* eminently well acted by Miss O'Hara.

In general, however, provincial theatres, during the past week, will afford but little scope for comment.—Nearly all theatres have presented a

like scene.—Comic pantomimes have been the novelties, if novelties they may be denominated, which have been presented for the amusement of the holiday play-going loving public. Fairy tales, and Goblin stories have been called into requisition, each manager using his best exertions to produce the most effective entertainment:—how far they have succeeded, will be best answered by the extent of patronage they have received.

"Larger ships may venture more,
But little boats must keep near shore."

So that while managers of the larger theatres may venture hundreds in the production of their pieces, those who direct lesser establishments, must be contented to expend tens, and so in like proportion down to units; yet each has brought forth his share, contributing to the general joy of all who delight in a dramatic banquet—and what more acceptable at this festive season, than such scenes as are calculated to "bid dull care avant," and fill the mind with mirth—innovent, yet soul-absorbing mirth!

Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, and Dublin, must take precedence in their Christmas productions—they are provincial theatres. A 1, as they would say at Lloyd's, where only splendid prices would be tolerated. A falling-off in the outlay would meet with a correspondent falling off in the receipts. With the managers of such establishments it is—"Nothing venture, nothing win." The managers *have* ventured, and are likely to *win* "golden opinions" in return.

Ipswich, Brighton, Bath, Bristol, Canterbury, Rochester, Hull, Newcastle, have not been idle in the cause. The respective lessees have nobly done their duty, and succeeded in pleasing their patrons; and therefore have a right to look for that reward which their exertions are entitled to.

REVIEWS.

Expedition to Borneo of H.M.S. Dido. By CAPT. HON. H. KEPPEL, R.N. Chapman and Hall.

THIS work has already attracted much attention, great interest having been excited by the events related; the extraordinary adventures of one individual, who, now in a remote part of the globe, has raised himself to an almost sovereign power in one of the largest islands of the Indian seas, forming the groundwork of the narrative. The book itself, although professing to give an account of the expedition to Borneo of H.M.S. *Dido*, is yet principally made up from the journal of Mr. Brooke, the enterprising individual in question, who is a remarkable instance of the energy and enterprise of the British character, as shadowed forth in a single person, overcoming all difficulties and dangers incidental to an intercourse with, and residence among, a barbarous people, until he has established himself not only as the head, but in the hearts of his subjects; between him and whom a strong mutual confidence has now sprung up, promising to perpetuate the empire so singularly gained. The following short account of this English gentleman will be found interesting:—

"Mr. Brooke was the second and is now the only surviving son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq., of the civil service of the East India Company; was born on the 29th April, 1803; went out to India as a cadet, where he held advantageous situations, and distinguished himself by his gallantry in the Burmese war. He was shot, through the body in an action with the Burmese, received the thanks of the government, and returned to England for the recovery of his prostrate strength. He resumed his station, but shortly afterwards relinquished the service, and, in search of health and amusement, left Calcutta for China in 1830. In this voyage, while going up the China seas, he saw, for the first time, the Islands of the Asiatic Archipelago—lands of vast importance, and of unparalleled beauty, lying neglected and almost unknown. He inquired and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the Eastern

Isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research. To carry to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant vessel, the blessings of civilization, to suppress and extirpate the slave trade, became his humane and generous objects; and from that hour the energies of his powerful mind were devoted to this one pursuit. Often foiled, often disappointed, with a perseverance and enthusiasm which defied all obstacle, he was not until 1838 enabled to set sail from England on his darling project. The intervening years had been devoted to preparation and inquiry. A year, spent in the Mediterranean, had tested his vessel, the *Royalist*, and his crew, and so completely had he studied his subject, and calculated on contingencies, that the least sanguine of his friends felt, as he left the shore, hazardous and unusual as the enterprise appeared to be, that he had omitted nothing to ensure a successful issue. 'I go,' said he, 'to awake the spirit of slumbering philanthropy with regard to these islands; to carry Sir Stamford Raffle's views in Java over the whole Archipelago. Fortune and life I give freely, and if I fail in the attempt, I shall not have lived whole in vain.'

This character of Mr. Brooke is fully borne out in the sequel. In pursuance of his object, he leaves England in 1838, in his yacht, the *Royalist* schooner of 142 tons, belonging to the royal yacht squadron, with a crew of upwards of twenty men. It was a fast sailing vessel, conveniently fitted up, carrying six six-pounders, a number of swivels, and small arms of all sorts, carried four boats, and provisions for four months. After a somewhat lengthy voyage, he reaches Singapore, and, after a short stay to recruit, stands out for Borneo. It would be difficult to extract detached portions of the diary, which ought to be read for its own sake, giving, as it does, his first interview with the natives, subsequent intercourse, undergoing trials and difficulties which would almost have deterred any other person from prosecuting the design, until at length, at the latter end of the year 1841, about two years and a half after his first appearance in these regions, he is made governor of a district; or, to use his own words, "The agreement was drawn out, sealed, and signed, guns fired, flags waved, and, on the 24th September, 1841, I became governor of Saravak, with 'the fullest powers.'" He now began "to apply himself, with his usual activity and circumspection, to discharge the duties thus imposed upon him; and here he found, although he had gained the principal object of his desires, a permanent footing in these parts, his real difficulties to commence; and his views on the subject, as expressed in his diary, show the anxious state of his mind.

"January 1st, 1842. The past year is in the bosom of eternity, into whichbourne we are all hurrying. Here we have no merry-making, no re-union of families, no bright fires or merry games, to mark the advent of 1842; but we have genial weather, and are not pinched by cold or frost. This is a year which, to me, must be eventful; for at its close, I shall be able to judge whether I can maintain myself against all the circumstances and difficulties which beset me, or whether I must retreat broken in fortune to some retirement in my native land. I look with calmness on the alternative; and God knows, no selfish motives weigh on me: and if I fail, my chief regret will be for the natives of this unhappy country. Let the year roll on, let the months pass, and whatever they bring, whether it be life or death, fortune or poverty, I am prepared; and, in the deep solitude of my present existence, I can safely say, that I believe I could bear misfortune better than prosperity. In this, probably, I am not singular, for there is something in prosperity, which, if it does not make us worse, makes us more foolish and more worldly; which decks passing time with wreaths of gay flowers; and gilds the things of this life with tinsel hopes and wishes, to the exclusion of the pure gold of reflection for the life to come. What are all these gewgaws, these artificial flowers, these momentary

joys, these pleasures of the senses before the war of time? Nothing! and yet if exertion can benefit our race, or even our own country; if the sum of human misery can be alleviated; if these suffering people can be raised in the scale of civilization and happiness, it is a cause in which I could suffer, it is a cause in which I have suffered and do suffer; hemmed in, beset, anxious, perplexed, and the good intent marred by false agents, surrounded by weakness, treachery, falsehood, and folly, is suffering enough, and to feel myself on the threshold of success, and only withheld by the want of adequate means, increases this suffering. Hail, however, 1842! Come good! come ill! still hail! and many as are the light hearts which have already greeted thee, mine will be more ready to bow to the decrees of Providence, which these twelve months will develop."

Such are the sentiments which pervaded the bosom of Mr. Brooke on the occasion of the New Year, an eventful period was before him, and some gloomy forebodings must necessarily have flitted across him, when thus almost alone as it were in a strange country with no other support, but a firm reliance on a higher power, and on the integrity of his own purposes, which could only be realised by a firm, determined, and at the same time, conciliating line of conduct towards the original inhabitants now become his subjects.

The *Dido* had been sent on the expedition to Borneo for the suppression of piracy, and Mr. Brooke joins the party, and was extremely useful in any negotiations from his knowledge of the Malay language. A great deal of the narrative is of course taken up with the attacks on the pirate hordes by the boats of the ship, the end being that they were driven away from their hiding places, and the north-west coast of the islands of Borneo, was at length made free from these marauding Malays.

It was after one of these fights with the pirates that Captain Keppel paid a visit to Sarawak, the seat of Mr. Brooke's government. The description of the residence of the governor may not be uninteresting to our readers.

"Mr. Brooke's then residence, although equally rude in structure with the abodes of the natives, was not without its English comforts of sofas, chairs, and bedsteads. It was larger than any other, but being like them built upon piles, we had to mount a ladder to get into it. It was surrounded by palisades, and a ditch, forming a protection to sheep goats, occasionally bullocks, pigeons, cats, poultry, geese, monkeys, dogs, and ducks. The house consisted but of one floor. A large room in the centre, neatly ornamented with every description of fire arms, in admirable order and ready for use, served as an audience and a mess room; and the various apartments round it as bed rooms, most of them comfortably furnished with matted floors, easy chairs, pictures and books, with much more taste and attention to comfort than bachelors usually display. In one corner of the square, formed by the palisades, were the kitchen and offices. The Europeans, with Mr. Brooke, consisted of Mr. Douglas, formerly in the navy, a clever young surgeon, and a gentleman of the name of Williamson, who being master of the native language, as well as active and intelligent, made an excellent prime minister. Besides these were two others who came out in the yacht, one an old man-of-war's-man, who kept the arms in first-rate condition, and another worthy character who answered to the name of Charlie, and took care of the accounts and charge of everything. These were attended by servants of different nations; the cooking establishment was perfect, and the utmost harmony prevailed. The great feeding time was at sunset, when Mr. Brooke took his seat at the head of the table, and all the establishment, as in days of yore, seated themselves according to their respective grades. This hospitable board was open to all the officers of the *Dido*, and many a jovial evening we spent there. All Mr. Brooke's party were characters—all had travelled; and never did a minute flag for want of some entertaining anecdote, good story, or song to pass away the time. From breakfast until bed time there was no intermission;

and it was while smoking our cigars in the evening, that the natives, as well as the Chinese who had become settlers, used to drop in, and after creeping up, according to their custom, and touching the hand of their European Rajah, retire to the further end of the room, and squat down upon their haunches, and remain a couple of hours without uttering a word, and then creep out again. I have seen sixty or seventy of an evening come in and make this sort of salaam. All were armed; as it is reckoned an insult for a Malay to appear before his Rajah without his kris."

At length after many years of anxiety and troubles, Mr. Brooke reaped the reward of his labours, in being appointed confidential agent to her Majesty in Borneo, the appointment was notified to him in a letter from Lord Aberdeen, and he received it in February, 1845, about four years after having been made Governor of Sarawak; he is directed to go to Borneo where the Sultan lived, being charged with letters in reply to some documents which had been sent requesting the assistance of the British Government to effect the suppression of piracy. Mr. Brooke accordingly went to Borneo, is triumphantly received, the Sultan ratified his appointment to the Government of Sarawak, and the following extract from the diary displayed the satisfaction of Mr. Brooke, at this happy result of his exertions.

"Our interview with the Rajah, and all the other host of our acquaintance was quite a triumph. Happy faces and wreathed smiles supplied the place of the anxious and doubtful expression I had left them wearing. All vied on their attentions; fruit enough to fill a room; the luscious durian; the delicate mangosteen and lousch; the grateful rombasteen; the baluna, pitaba, mowha, plaintain, &c. &c., were showered upon us from all quarters. The Rajah daily sent a dinner; all was rejoicing, and few or no clouds lowered in the distance. I was proud and happy, for I felt and feel that much of this has been owing to my exertions, I will not stop to say how or why; but I first taught them to respect and confide in Englishmen, and no one else has yet untaught them this lesson."

This book will be found interesting to the general reader, containing, as it does, much curious matter respecting a country hitherto but imperfectly known. And the establishment of Mr. Brooke, as agent for England, cannot but be attended with the most beneficial results. The products of the country, vegetable and mineral, are represented as affording a prospect of great future wealth; and commercial relations have now been begun, which may prove of immense advantage to our country. The civilisation of this vast island, many times larger than Great Britain itself, must eventually follow in the wake of commerce, and all these happy results spring from the energy and perseverance of one individual who has achieved more, and deserves more from his country than all the honours lavishly bestowed upon armies and conquerors. Mr. Brooke's mission was one of peace, he has taught the natives respect for himself, and through him respect for his country, and whatever rewards may be heaped upon him, as they ought to be, we doubt whether any will afford him so much satisfaction as the reflection of his own conduct; the consciousness of having laboured for the amelioration of mankind, and the gratifying result of not having laboured in vain.

Priestwood Church, Parsonage, School, and Teacher's House, Bucks. E. B. LAMB, Architect.

WE have received a very pretty drawing of this proposed group of buildings at Priestwood, which we have great pleasure in commending as a most creditable production. Mr. Lamb is known as the author of "Studies of Ancient Domestic Architecture," a work very highly spoken of as departing from the vapid namby-pamby of orthodox architectural literature and taking up the bold good ground of common-sense rational writing. In the design before us, he has an unpretending subject; but it is well treated. The Fine Art Architecture does not demand large subjects and ornate decorations to display its

power; it can give for the hundred pounds the hundred pounds' worth of the Beautiful just as well as for the ten thousand pounds the ten thousand pounds' worth. This is a valuable truth little known; and Mr. Lamb seems to know it.

The Church is Gothic, of course; but it is good Gothic, and—good Architecture. The correspondence of style in the adjunct buildings is good, with pleasant variety and admirable display of character. The four subjects are separate and insulated; well designed as individuals, and most excellently arranged as a group. When we come to scrutinise details, however, we think we can detect two or three *useless buttresses*: and for want of greater, we will pitch upon this as a fault. We are not sure of it,—but we suspect it very strongly. Now, this fault, when we have got hold of it, is not a great one as this sinful world goes in these architecturally sinful days; yet it is well to aim very closely at accurate nicety in constructive appearance. It is an exceedingly valuable principle in good Architecture; and it becomes the rising generation and the risen reformers to keep it particularly in view as directly a very powerful means, and indirectly a much more powerful means than can be readily thought, for enfranchising the Architectural principle from the bonds of its great nineteenth century enemy—SHAM.

It is needless for us to enter upon any description of Mr. Lamb's design; as such descriptions are seldom worth anything and the present subject is an exceedingly modest one. Our object lies more in simply saying that Mr. Lamb has succeeded very much beyond ordinary success in making out of poor materials a very good work. The little church and its little adjuncts will smile very sweetly in the Sabbath sun on Priestwood Common, and tell very beautifully their beautiful tale.

It is worthy of remark that the drawing before us illustrates a very excellent idea which we should rejoice to see more generally prevalent—the publication of architectural designs. This drawing is a pen and ink lithograph of the simplest style, showing the real design in a plain way. It has been drawn by transfer paper; and apparently by the Architect himself. Such mode is exceedingly easy, and by no means costly; and it is to be wondered at that it is not more taken advantage of. We would urge it upon Architects generally, as an easy and most valuable means of recording their productions and extending the knowledge of the everyday works of the Art.

A Poet's Bazaar, from the Danish of Hans Christian Andersen. By C. BECKWITH, Esq. London: Bentley, Burlington-street.

No greater curiosity of literature has been put forth for some considerable time than this; it is a work abounding in thoughts originally expressed, the most obvious common-place events are described so quaintly, so out of the common way, yet with such simple beauty, that the interest is continually excited in the progress of the work. Much of the vigour of the original must evidently be lost in a translation, yet still so much is left, that we only regret that we cannot grasp the whole, as it emanated from the pen of the author. Prefixed to the work is a short biography, from which it appears that Hans C. Andersen was born in 1805, of poor parents; from the earliest age he displayed peculiarities which marred his humble prospects, but after many difficulties, by the force of his genius, he raised himself to the standard which was his due, from mental superiority, and which has been so acknowledged, not only in his own country, but throughout the world, where his works have been thought worthy of several translations, and they form a most welcome addition to our literature in this garb. In early days he was more addicted to poetry, but he afterwards pursued with extraordinary success a style somewhat peculiar to himself, and which found vent in what are called "Prosaic popular Stories," of which the present is a fine specimen. The Poet's Bazaar is the relation of a tour in Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, told in

a happy manner, abounding with poetical images, and displaying much tenderness of feeling and depth of observation, but disguised, if we may so say, in quaint detached phrases, all however harmonizing, while they fully describe the events spoken of, and though we may not altogether agree with the views the author takes, or his peculiar thoughts, still they are worthy of consideration. The following account of Liszt, will give some idea of the author's style, although we altogether dissent from him in his enthusiastic admiration of the piano-player, yet there is much general truth conveyed in it. Liszt gives a concert at Hamburg the saloon was quite filled.

"The Orpheus of mythology could set stones and trees in motion with his music. The modern Orpheus, Liszt, had electrified them already, ere, he played. Fame, with her many tongues, had opened the eyes and ears of the multitude, so that all seemed to recognize and hear what was to follow. I myself felt in the beams of those many sparkling eyes an expectant palpitation of the heart, on the approach of this great genius, who with magic fingers defines the boundaries of his art in our age.

"Our age is no longer that of imagination and feeling—it is the age of intellect. The technical dexterity in every art, and in every trade, is now a general condition of their exercise. Languages have become so perfected that it almost belongs to the art of writing themes to be able to put one's thoughts in verse, which half a century ago would have passed for a true poet's work; in every large town we find persons by the dozen who execute music with such an expertness, that twenty years ago they might have accounted for virtuosi. All that is technical, the material as well as the spiritual, is in this our age in its highest development. * * * In the musical world our age has two pianists who fill their allotted place they are Thalberg and Liszt.

"When Liszt entered the saloon, it was as if an electric shock passed through it. Most of the ladies rose; it was as if a ray of sunlight passed over every face, as if all eyes received a dear beloved friend.

"I stood quite near to the artist; he is a meagre young man, his long dark hair hung around his pale face; he bowed to the auditory and sat down to the piano. The whole of Liszt's exterior movements shew directly one of those persons we remark for their peculiarity alone; the Divine hand has placed a mark on them which makes them observable amongst thousands. As Liszt sat before the piano, the first impression of his personality was derived from the appearance of strong passions in his wan face, so that he seemed to me a demon who was nailed fast to the instrument, from whence the tones streamed forth—they came from his blood—from his thoughts, he was a demon who would liberate his blood from thralldom; he was on the rack, the blood flowed, and the nerves trembled; but as he continued to play, the demon disappeared. I saw that pale face assume a nobler and brighter expression; the divine soul shone forth from his eyes, from every feature, he became beauteous as spirit and enthusiasm can make their worshippers. * * * When Liszt had ceased playing, flowers showered around him; beautiful young girls, and old ladies who had once been young and beautiful, cast each her bouquet. He had cast a thousand bouquets of tones into their hearts and heads.

"From Hamburg Liszt was to fly to London, there to throw out new bouquets of tones, which exhale poetry over that every day prosaic life. That happy one who can thus travel all his life, always see people in their poetical Sunday dress! Yes, even in the inspired bridal dress! Shall I again meet him was my last thought; and chance would have it that we should meet in our travels, meet at a place where my reader least could imagine—meet, become friends, and again separate,—but it belongs to the last chapter of this flight. He went to Victoria's capital, and I to Gregory the Sixteenth's."

In this vein does our author pursue his course; each story conveys an account of some incident worked up in this poetical style, sometimes

grave, sometimes gay, but never tedious, and occasionally a lurking satire is given under the most natural good humour, of which the following, on musical applause, and its consequence of calling actors forward, makes a most absurd picture of the real fact. He is now at Munich.

"Near to Königsbau is the theatre; it is even joined to it by a small building; it is built on a very extended scale; the machinery is admirable, and the decorations are splendid. But a bad custom exists here, that of destroying all the illusion by calling the actors forward. I never saw displayed a more flagrant instance of bad taste, than one evening during the performance of *Guido and Genevra*; or, *The Plague in Florence*. In the fourth act of the piece, the scene is divided into two parts; the lower part represents a vault, wherein *Genevra* lies in her coffin, having, as is supposed, died of the plague; the upper part of the scene represents the church where they are singing masses over her tomb for the repose of her soul. The mourners depart, the church is dark and empty; it is late in the night; *Genevra's* trance is ended; she awakes, and soon comprehends her dreadful situation; she is buried alive. The music in this scene is highly expressive and effective; with the greatest effort she drags herself up the stairs which lead to the church; but the trap door is fastened; she has not strength to raise it, and despairs. At that moment a crowd of sacrilegious robbers enter, for the plague rages in that large city, and all law, all affection and piety are annihilated—they even plunder the dead. They force their way into *Genevra's* tomb, but are seized with horror on beholding the supposed corpse standing in the midst of them; the kneel, and she once more attempts to ascend the stairs, and escape through the trap door which the robbers had opened. She succeeds; she stands in the church, and exclaims 'I am saved,' and then leaves the stage.

"The lady performed very naturally, sang prettily, and the music, as I have said, in the highest degree expressive; but now the spectators began to shout and call her forward. *Genevra* appeared again, and in order to express her thanks properly, she ran with marvellous ease through the church, down the stairs into the vault, towards the lamps, made her curtsy with the happiest face imaginable, and then hopped away back the same way she came, and where, a minute before, we saw her as if half dead, dragging herself forward. For me, at least, the whole effect of that beautiful scene was from that moment destroyed."

There is much good sense in this passage, from which one might take a hint; the almost indiscriminate applause which is now given to every theatrical or operatic performance, has reduced the value of it to the lowest degree; it seems the result of mere whim and caprice, and ends in total mockery of our better sense. The next story we notice, is entitled the *Vetturino*, in which a most gratuitous and unjustifiable attack is made on our national character through the person of an individual. A party is travelling together including our author, and an Englishman, in which the latter is related to have behaved in so insulting, so selfish a manner to his fellow travellers, that we cannot give credit to the author's assertions. John Bull may be roughly rude at times, and ridiculous occasionally in the eyes of foreigners, but that an Englishman, more especially one who is alluded to as Sir —, could behave in the way described, we will not, cannot, allow ourselves to believe. The route was from Florence to Rome. The travellers were—this stout Englishman, a Roman lady, a little thin man, her husband, a young English priest, and our author's veritable person.

"We came to Incisa. The young priest and the little thin man jumped out of the diligence, and then came Signora; the Englishman followed her with still more difficulty, as he had ladies' fur boots on his feet, a large blue cape over his shoulders, and a thick woollen neckerchief about his thin red whiskers. There was something of a courtier's consciousness, and a chandler's carriage about him. My English priest, clothed in black, with boots over his shins, very frozen looking and devout, wandered away directly to the church; we others

accompanied Sir —, who led La Romano up the broad, dirty stairs, to the *salle a Manger*, which presented four not over white walls, a brick floor, some rush chairs, and a table; the cloth on which, was in colour as though it had been washed in coffee water. The Englishman entertained us by telling about all the royal saloons he had been in, of two princes who had sat by his bed-side, when he lay ill in Florence; and now he was so modest as to travel by the *Vetturino*, and that without having servants travel with him; for 'one was not in Italy for one's servant's pleasure.'

"Signora bowed at every great name he mentioned, and repeated it to her little husband, who bowed still lower, and looked at the young priest, who bowed obediently as he did.

"Now came the dishes, which all of us, except the Briton, had ordered. The Englishman peered closely into them, seized a fork, and without ceremony took the best piece he saw. 'It is good,' said he, and we all bowed politely. The company did it because of his distinction, I on account of his originality.

"The Signora now took out some small baked fruit cakes, which her daughter had made for her. She presented two of the richest to our guest, as we at the table called him. 'I will put by these cakes till the evening,' said he, 'they are delicious.' And he folded them up in paper, put the little parcel into his pocket, and bowed. 'But, yet, one ought to taste them,' he reminded himself; and so he took a piece from Signora. 'It is excellent, superb,' and then he took another piece.

"Signora bowed, and laughed loud. I think she also began to find him original.

"The hostess now brought him his breakfast, and that disappeared like our dishes. For dessert the Englishman gave us a bravura. Signora clapped her hands and cried 'bravo,' her husband also. The waiter let the plate fall from sheer astonishment, and the Englishman's rush chair broke down, it was too crazy for an Englishman under excitement. Signora now made a sign, and her husband sang so softly, and in such a dying cadence, so ethereally, I may say, that I at last could only see by his trembling lips, he was still amusing us with his song. It met with immense applause. We then got into the diligence again. My praying Englishman now appeared, and crept up with me; his breakfast had been the air, and the little prayer book, he prayed still. The whip cracked, three voices within the carriage rose in melody, and away we went again. Towards evening we had rain, but the rain-drops soon turned into snow-flakes, which were thawed directly on the wet clayey road. We got but slowly forward, it was dark, and there was not a house where we could get our lantern lighted. Signora moaned in dismal fear of robbers, and her spouse, from dread of being overturned; the Englishman railed at the coachman, and the coachman at the horses, and so it continued on the same progression, until a light at length shone in the distance; we were near a solitary inn, where we went up into the guests room, through a stable, half frozen and hungry. It was a most intolerable time before a few sticks and twigs could be brought to blaze in the chimney; but at the moment they did blaze, the Englishman came with his sheets, and formed a screen with them around the fire-place. They must be dried, said he, and so the sheets got the whole warren. The rest of the company put up with it, and I also was obliged to be satisfied. The Englishman and I were to sleep in one room together. I entered, and found him standing on my counterpane, which he had spread out on the floor, having elevated his bed with two of my pillows, which he had appropriated to his own use without ceremony.

"I do not like to lie with my head low," said he.

"Nor I either," I replied, "with your permission," and I took them from him. He looked amazed.

"He was an insupportable sleeping companion, he wanted so much waiting on, that at last I was obliged to go to bed to get rid of him. I pretended to sleep, but I saw with half-closed eyes, that he

prepared his midnight meal, or a rickety rush chair by the bed.

"I had been up a long while next morning, the horses were already before the diligence, and we still waited for the Englishman. He could never be ready. Signora had also just begun her toilet.

"It goes on slowly," said her husband, "for she weeps from anxiety to see her daughter." At length we drove off."

This description is so totally opposed to the general character, so unlike the display, so apt to be indulged in by our countrymen when travelling abroad, that the mere publication is a libel, and not only on the individual, but on the nation, and carries in itself its own condemnation. The following observations we may admit as being somewhat characteristic, and aiming a shaft of ridicule at the sight-seeing propensities often so absurdly indulged in; it seems as if it were enough for the mass of English travellers merely to be able to say that they have been to such a place, or had seen such a sight, no matter under what circumstances; and this account of a visit to the falls at Terni may be a specimen of the mode of sight-seeing adopted.

"The Vetturino declared that we could not arrive time enough at Terni to visit the waterfall. I, who had seen it on a previous journey, was resigned. The Englishman, on the contrary, raved, and this time it was not without reason. He swore, he stormed, he would see the waterfall.

"It was pitch dark when we reached Terni, but the Englishman would have his way. He called for a guide, had two lanterns lighted, got upon an ass, and ordered them to conduct him to the waterfall.

"But it is impossible for you to see it with two lanterns.

"Then we can take three," he replied, and rode away. The guide looked extremely pleased with the whole arrangement; it was, certainly, the first time he ever saw the waterfall by such a light.

"How they managed to place the two or three lanterns by that gigantic fall I know not; but the Englishman said, when he returned, that the waterfall at Terni was not worth the trouble of going all that way to see; he had viewed it both from above and below, but it was a poor affair."

This morbid appetite is so generally prevalent, that it may be considered characteristic, and entails of course the amount of ridicule it deserves. We can match this account of a lantern visit to the falls of Terni, undertaken that the Englishman might be able to say he had seen them, with the following, in which the desire of having been on a spot was somewhat ludicrously accomplished. It is known that the homeward bound ships from India usually touch at St. Helena, and, as a matter of course, the tomb of Napoleon was too remarkable a spot not to be visited by every one who landed on the island, for the chance might not occur again. At the time we allude to, the remains of Napoleon were still there, with three large stone slabs, laid flat over, and a railing round them. The willow trees, the bubbling brook, the green sward, and the geranium hedge, fill up the description. A party had landed from one of these vessels, and, of course, having set out immediately on one of these lionizing excursions, arrived at the tomb. After surveying all the spot, and indulging in the remarks that the situation might naturally call forth previous to departure, there only remained the last thing to be done, namely, to go inside the railing, and stand on the slab under which reposed the ashes of the world's conqueror. This was effected by taking out one of the railings, which was always kept loose for this purpose. Several of the party, ladies as well as gentlemen, not being burdened with any fleshy superfluity, easily accomplished the object, although the space was but small; not so, however, one, a luckless little major, whose smooth round belly, with good aponeurosis, proved an effectual bar to ingress; in vain was he pushed from without and pulled from within, his lusty nature resisted all attempts at compression; the major was in agonies, he must enter, he would enter, his coat, his waistcoat, were successively taken off; the bulk

was yet unmanageable! How could he go away. He would not be able to say he had stood on Napoleon's tomb—a boast which might be uttered by any the veriest urchin on the island. The only alternative was, that he should be hoisted bodily over. After much exertion, the attempts, which were often interrupted by the uncontrollable laughter of the assistants succeeded, and the major was landed *vi et armis* on the hallowed spot, where he performed numerous antics, and at length was similarly ejected. Happy fellow! he can boast that he stood on Napoleon's tomb!"

To return, however, from this digression. The story of the three Roman boys, is one told in the quaintest style, and almost more than any other displays the author's peculiarities.

"THREE ROMAN BOYS."

"We find large palaces in Rome in narrow, winding streets, which, if they stood in an open place, would be pronounced buildings of consequence. I will draw such a one with pen and ink; and I hope so correctly, that my readers will be able to find it again when they know that it is in the street Ripetta, they must look for it.

"High piazzas, with finely wrought marble pillars inclose a little square court-yard; statues stand between the pillars, and in the niches of the walls are disfigured marble images. The walls are covered below with bas-reliefs, and above with colossal heads of Roman emperors. Grass and creeping plants hang about the pedestals, and shoot forth from the folds of the marble drapery. The spider has spun its web, like a mourning veil, between gods and emperors. In the yard lie cabbage-stalks, lemon peels, and broken bottle-cases. Earth has collected in heaps around the sides of the marble sarcophagi that stand here; they once enclosed some of Rome's mighty men; now, they contain broken pots, salad leaves, and earth.

"The broad marble stairs which lead to the saloons of the palace, are still dirtier than the yard. Three bare-legged, half-frozen beggar-boys sit here in a circle; the one has a ragged carpet thrown over his shoulders like a cloak, and a reed, as a tobacco-pipe, in his mouth. The other has a covering for his feet of rags bound together with packthread. His coat is so large and wide that it would fold twice round the lad, and I really believe it serves him, in addition, for trousers. The third has a hat on, and for the rest, a waistcoat, I believe no more, unless, perhaps, the slipper that lies at the bottom of the stairs, may claim him for its master. All three are playing at cards.

"Can it interest you to know a little more of these three young Romans or their families? Perchance, the chief personages of the family are assembled at this moment on the terrace by the Piazza del Popolo. Here stands a group of black-bearded men in striped clothes of blue and white; it is a well known uniform to which there is generally a chain appended, but it is usually worn around the legs. These are the Roman slaves. The first one, resting there on his spade, is father to the boy who wears the ragged carpet as a cloak across his shoulders. Yes, that is the father! But he is neither a thief nor a robber; he is only a scoundrel! It is a short story. To vex his master he became a slave. To vex his master he has placed contraband goods in his waggon, and he took care that they should be found; for the law in Rome demands, in such cases, that horses and waggons, if even the master be innocent, shall be forfeited and given to the police. The man becomes a slave, but the master must give fifteen *bajocchi* to support the slave; this is a great expense. If the fellow be industrious, then every year of his imprisonment consists but of eight months, and he receives the highest payment for his work.

"This is the shrewd calculation he makes, as he leans on his spade:—

"Master has lost his waggon and horses! Master must every day pay money for my board! I have free lodging, constant work, the highest

wages, and I am an extolled slave! and that is, perhaps, more than my son will ever be."

"On the promenade close by, rolls a light little gig. A rich Frenchman, of some thirty and odd years, is driving. He has been in Rome before; it is more than eight years ago. He now shows his young wife about in the first city of the world. They have just seen to-day a beautiful female statue by Canova, and admired it; and the Frenchman knew those graceful forms which are now immortalised in marble—but he did not say so. The beautiful Giuditte is dust; her son is the second boy amongst the card-players: he wraps himself up in his large coat, and the father wraps himself up in his large mantle, as he hurries on along the promenade.

"The third little fellow, with hat and waistcoat! Yes, where shall we find his parents? yet, we have the scent.

"Under a tree in the avenue, stands a little wrinkled woman, with her fire-pot on her arm; she begs for a little money in the name of Madonna! She cannot be the boy's grandmother, still less his mother. No, but she is the only one that can tell us something about him.

"In the direction of the bridge Castel d'Angelo, there is a street leading from Peter's Place. In this street there is a large building, and in the walls there is a moveable niche decorated with the same sort of stuffs as the slaves' clothes. At the bottom of the niche there is a slave's pillow. It turns round on a pivot, and close by there is a large bell. Nine years ago this little wrinkled woman came here, laid a little bundle in the niche, turned it round, rang the bell, and hastened away. This is the Foundling Hospital.

"The third boy comes from thence. The old woman could tell us the whole story, but of what use would it be? The rich young signora is far away in that floating Venice, a pattern of severity and of pure morals. But her son—he is well off! he sits on marble, and plays out the trumps."

(To be continued.)

Album of Six New Compositions. By MARIETTA BRAMBILLA. With Words by M. MAGGIORI. Leader and Cock, New Bond-street.

We have been much pleased with several of these airs; they are very nice compositions, and exceedingly well adapted for the drawing-room. Our preference is given to a cavatina *Ah! felice amor saro*, and the melody, *Salve, o colli senza fior*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECORATIONS OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

SIR—It is well known that these decorations have been recently executed by Mr. D. R. Hay, of Edinburgh, who, from having published works upon the harmony of form and colours, was selected by the council of the Society of Arts for this purpose. At a meeting of the society, on Wednesday week, a paper was read explaining the principles which have guided the decorator, and this, added to the fact of his having written an useful elementary work on "ornamental design," have induced considerable expectations in the numerous audience present on this occasion.

The remarks then offered require to be reviewed with scrupulous caution, from the fact that they were *ex parte*, and not subject to discussion at the time, as well as from the public influence they may have acquired from the imposing manner of delivery, and from having the sanction of the council of a society now professing especial regard for the advancement of ornamental art.

Mr. Hay, after alluding to the anxiety attending his position as a decorator, when called upon to embellish this hall, "containing one of the finest efforts in high art of which this country can boast," explained that his first object was to bring out the true and natural effect of the pictures; next to which in consideration was the general effect of the hall itself, "connecting the whole in one general harmony of form and colour."

Barry's paintings require from me no criticism at this time; but it may be observed, that they ex-

hibit a preponderance of ochreous colouring, the flesh tints and other leading portions displaying a tendency towards a quiet and subdued dusty brown, done together with a remarkably skilful avoidance of brilliant and conspicuous masses of powerful colour. The decorator has selected for covering the walls, on which these paintings are placed, cloth of a colour that he denominates *deep purple*, but which, in fact, would be more generally understood if described on morone or claret. The application of cloth was advocated on the principle of apparently bringing the pictures into full light, by leaving the walls in apparent shade. This colour, it may be admitted, is in *harmony* with the general tone of the paintings; but certainly it possesses no *contrasting* power, either to relieve the evenness or to assist the *chiaro oscuro* in the composition and colours of these works of high art.

To impart grandeur to the hall, it was stated had been the decorator's intention, and he, therefore, decided that the architectural arrangements on the surface should be subordinated to his chromatic efforts over every plain surface that presented itself.

An ornamented and rather deep frieze, which is carried round the upper portion of the walls has been painted of a "deep terra cotta hue," a colour that would have been better described as that of unburnt bricks, and which, it was said, *forms a natural harmony with the cloth on the walls*. Here has been no attempt to develop the architectural enrichment on this frieze, nor would we imply that it is worthy of much prominence. Nevertheless, it offered some propriety of form—wanting only a greater relief to be quite suitable to its position. The treatment it has now received is very nearly allied to the Puritanical white and colour-washings that our ecclesiologists have so loudly denounced. It would have been better to have entirely removed it than to have left it in a merely eruptive state. At some future day of scraping and scrubbing, these architectural enrichments may again be brought to light and enter into a curious competition with the *decorati-m* as to the harmony of form, probably somewhat to the disparagement of the discrimination in the present Council of the Society.

A plain coved surface rises from this frieze 8 feet 4 inches high surmounted, terminating with a narrow horizontal border of ceiling within plain raised mouldings.

Mr. Hay states that "this plain surface of the cove which surmounts the *cornice* (?) afforded the decorator the first field upon which he could exhibit a style of decoration of a *less severe nature* than that which came into more immediate contact with the great works of high art which adorn the walls, and this he has confined to a simple combination of *geometric with chromatic harmony*, and that it might have a *rationale*, he has made this combination to represent mosaic work, composed of *giallo antico, rosso antico, lapis lazuli*, and inlaid gold. His selection of material has a double advantage, for while it gives meaning it also affords an opportunity of using what artists term broken colours, the *giallo antico* being yellow, intermixed with tints of purple; the *rosso antico* being a low tone of red broken up by tints of grey and white, and the *lapis lazuli* being intense blue likewise, broken with tints of gold colour and grey; thus preventing the crude effect of plain patches of colour, and giving the qualities of unity and continuity amongst the parts."

This certainly sounded as a plausible and effective scheme; yet, practically, the result displays very serious objections to view. The unity and continuity claimed cannot be detected in either colour or form—in the middle, at the sides, or at the ends. Mr. Hay next states that "the figures forming the design in the cove, are produced by the combination of elliptic bands round central points, so that all are perfectly curvilinear, and formed by arcs (!) of the same ellipse, the size of which was proportional to that of the principal figures in the pictures;" and, he adds, "It has been geometrically demonstrated that the curves which form the outline of the human figure are more

allied to the ellipse than to any other regular curvilinear figure. Hence the adoption of this curve in the decoration of the *space nearest to the pictures*." This design, (if such a schoolboy arrangement of six elliptic bands, *stencilled as it were*, round a central point, can merit the high sounding and mysterious name "*design*") it should be observed, offers in the radiations certain points which have been gilt so as to conspicuously display starlike forms, enabling the observer at once to detect and define the repetition and semi-constructions in this very simple arrangement.

This mutilation in the greater proportion of the pattern, the confusion of the parts, the unequal distribution, the want of balance throughout, the distortion of the angles of the cove, and the immeasurable disregard of "fitness of purpose," may be justly pronounced as a gross jumble scarcely to be paralleled even on a patchwork quilt.

How could the decorator imagine this cove to be nearer to the pictures than the frieze on which a curvilinear figure in relief already exists? and which may certainly be considered *equally* appropriate with the decorator's elliptical convolutions. Some small shields, with monograms, nearly indistinct already, are placed over certain parts where the curves are thinly distributed; and this purpose is much too evident to allow of the compliment they are intended to convey, being decidedly recognised. The curves exhibit in themselves none of the more beautiful classes, such as the cardioid and the conchoid; but nevertheless suggest tantalising and disappointing approximations to these varieties to an observer desirous of detecting pleasing lines of figures that an acquaintance with the higher branches of conic sections will have led him to prefer. So much for the geometric harmony displayed curvilinearly.

In breaking off for the present our criticism of these decorations, I beg to observe that no personal disrespect towards the decorator is implied or intended; but as he has publicly and somewhat ostentatiously given forth his ideas as instructional in this case, I feel bound to print our notes upon at least a limited portion of their works. The prevalent fashion of introducing German colourists has been already rebuked by the press, and certainly this instance of a metropolitan society in connexion with the arts stepping out of the way to employ a Scotchman, has produced a result equally deserving of earnest observation.

E. C. L.

SIR—If the paper of *The Trunkmaker*, in your last, called forth new ideas of the real causes of the decline of the drama, as resulting from the acts of actors themselves; the same course of reasoning applied to the perusal of the ordinary criticism of the day, must induce the idea that actors, conscious of the little judgment employed in the production of those writings, are careless of their praise or censure; satisfied, if the many applaud, that the critic should rail or praise as suits his purpose; and what that purpose is, can only be arrived at by a careful examination of his productions. But, as this scrutiny would occupy more time than is usually bestowed on the amusements of our leisure, his chief art is still practised in mystifying his readers, by petty carping at small defects, or otherwise misleading attention from the main points to be considered. This course, pursued by a mind capable of judging, is easily followed by minds wanting capacity; and hence the mass of wishy-washy trash in all periodicals, the authors being quite unconscious of their own worthlessness, as monitors and guides to the public taste or judgment. This may be evidenced in the following:—one of many instances of lame conclusions and blind reasoning.

In the last number of a weekly paper, professing to devote a large portion of its critical ability to theatrical representations, reference is made to a call, in the previous number, on certain aristocratic names to come forward, purse and person, in order that they might reimburse the proprietor of some theatre, for losses that would accrue in the (*mis*) management of an attempt to sustain the falling drama; a call that would be as just, and

made with as much likelihood of adoption, had it been addressed to Mr. Cobden, Col. Sibthorp, Mr. Hudson, the Cham of Tartary, or Emperor of China. What claim has the drama on the aristocracy? Are they children of Shakspeare?—or are their titles the result of dramatic or literary ability? There are a few who are the descendants of actresses; but the delicacy of an educated mind might consider them the last to be applied to; as what they possess has been obtained by other means, and as their *caste* look on their connection with or descent from members of the drama as a blot on their escutcheon, however cordially they may receive and meet them in society. With these few exceptions nothing is due from the aristocracy to the drama. Then why call on them to support that which cannot support itself? But admitting they came forward, which the paper, in the following lines, assures us they are going to do; "When we lately called upon some of the most influential, and many of the most intellectual of the aristocracy, we were scarcely prepared to find a response from that many, who can and will aid the cause."—*Sunday Times*, Dec. 20. "*Shall the drama die?*"

The wish we may charitably assume; but the will and power will long remain a problem to be solved.

The aristocracy being present at the representation of a bad piece, would not ensure its success; nor could their witnessing one of Shakspeare's murdered, draw a single shilling to the house. An idler might, on the assurance Majesty was within, pay his quota to be one of the party, and insist on calling forward the sovereign with as much pertinacity as he would the principal actress; a course that has mainly deprived our national theatres of royal patronage; and were the feelings of persons drawn together on these occasions investigated, we should come to a very different conclusion than classing them as evidencing a love for the drama. It is not to be maintained by the clubbing together in one house of any set of persons with 5, 50, or 500,000 pounds. It has its own regeneration within itself as you have shown. Least of all can permanent success be expected from any one class of the community; and though capital is essential, capital alone, added to the present system, would be like putting water into a sieve.

The remark that the only want appears to be a want of method, is true. In that nutshell lies the germ of success. Find the method, and that capital, promised though not shown to be forthcoming, would not be long wanted. The assertion that follows, that "an admirable company might be formed, including Macready, Vandenhoff, Wallack, Mr. and Mrs. Kenn, Helen Faucit, &c. &c.," wants only possibility to make it a very clever idea. The manager of these ingredients to an admirable company would have no bed of roses. If ever there were a single representation with this combined talent, all would endeavour to be there because all would conclude, there would never be a second.

Besides, these and many others, if known favourites are to be depended on, who are too much accustomed to engross the whole attention of an audience to incorporate or bury themselves among a mass of others, all equally good in their line. And could all this be brought to bear, will the establishment of one company attain the desired effect.

If this is all that the money and patronage of the aristocracy could insure, little would be derived from it beyond additional exasperation to already inflamed minds; nor would the subsequent call as old hands of Young, Charles Kemble, Jones, Mrs. Gibbs, and Miss Kelly, to aid with voice and judgment, be more successful. The former must have too strong a recollection of their last effort in the selection of *Quid pro Quo*; and the latter cannot obtain the reward in her own person, her unquestioned talent and undoubted respectability deserves.

And this is the kind of stuff critics are made of, the profundity of mind that directs the public task. Under such supervision, no wonder art and artists of all kinds depreciate. Annihilating assistance like this, and dispensation with criticism, emanating from

minds that cannot observe correctly or reason rightly, even on their incorrect observations, would be a boon to acting.

Criticism is bought and sold or bartered away. A manager's first endeavour is to secure the press; their business then becomes to overlook errors, praise defects, and laud the management.

Ordinary criticism is therefore not investigation but observation; and rapid remarks, or silly technicalities take the place of reasoning conclusions. This is carried out in detail to every member of the profession; the extent of praise or blame taking the initiative from the theatre at which an actor may be for the time located, his individual merits or excellencies are concealed or dilated on, as suits the purpose.

Does any one doubt the direct severity of the press to the stage, let them recur to the remarks that occur in two morning papers,* on the old and new opera houses, and all doubt will be removed.

It is the interest of an actor and public to abrogate this, which only perpetuates a race of small wits, in an office which should be filled only by persons of experience and sound judgment.

Actors may justly say—"Oh! the Lord the gift would give us, to see ourselves as others see us!" for no one who has hitherto professed to do so, has by any chance led them to a just appreciation of themselves; the poet, painter, or historian; a Johnson, a Reynolds, or a Gibbon, may from time to time revise and improve his style. His errors are tangible. Actors can only depend for their improvement on the momentary effect they produce on the mind of others. The multitude present at a representation, frequently appreciate the quality of ability before them; but few can render a reason for that appreciation. How essentially requisite for their interest, that the reasons should be conscientiously given. Were better spirits engaged in the endeavour to shew the actor his faults and excellences in imperishable black and white, there would be some chance of more of that profession becoming what many of them are not—Artists.

Your well wisher,

DRAMATICUS.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ECCLESIOLOGICAL.

WE'LL now, are we seriously to suppose that the clodhoppers who fill a country church are really to see in those four piers the four evangelist? Or in an octagon the symbol of regenerations? Or to be fully alive to the sin of a Western triplet and the orthodoxy of an Eastern triplet? Or to know that that comfortable new stove yields them unholy heat because it is in the form of "a heathen vase?" Or that old Squire Dunderhead's neat little marble slab (he was a good man, th'old Squire) is a "pagan monument," and its introduction an "abominable mutilation?" Or that the position of the font being "in defiance of the canon," their own and their children's heirship of heaven is a matter of doubt therefore? Or that the plan of the church, or the form or material of the altar, or the fact of there being "puos" or "Tate-and-Brady windows," or any other matter of the kind, is of real consequence to the present and eternal well-being of them, the clodhoppers, "regenerated children of the Catholic Church?"

Oy zay Hob!

Whoat Beell?

Thee doant know whoat thim posts be vor, thee doant.

Poasts? what poasts?

Who, thim? Whoat does thee take Oy vor? Thim be vor a-bearin' the roof, to be zure.

No thim beant, Hob.

Thim beant? thim be.

Oy tell thee thim beant.

Whoat be thim vor, thim?

Thim be vor the voar vangelisters, Hob.

* Post and Chronicle.

Coom, noon of they gammonnin' of Oy; Oy'll give thee a whackin'.

Will thee? Oy'd loke to zde they whackin'.

Doant gammon Oy, thim.

I beant, Hob. Parson toald measter, measter toald missis, missis toald Oy, and Oy be a-tellin' of thee; thim poast be vor the voar vangelisters.

And whoat be the vangelisters?

Who, doant thee know?

No, I doant.

Thim be whoat the parson speaks about; doant thee know?

No, I doant; whoat do thim be?

Who, I doant know noyther, I doant. But thim poast be vor 'em.

"Anglo-Protestantism," as Professor Cockerell calls it, to the petrification of the breathless Ecclesiologist, Anglo-Protestantism, the established religion of England, requires Churches. (I state the matter *a la plain* common sense.) Those Churches have certain requirements for the purposes of the services therein to be performed. The building is for the services—the requirements of the services are the purposes of the building. And if the efficacy of the services depends upon the mysteries of Ecclesiologism, then Mr. Bull doesn't understand it so. And Mr. Bull sees about as far into a millstone as other people, although he doesn't brag about it.

PARIS.—The association of artists, painters, sculptors, &c. &c., have received in their gallery in the Street St. Lazare, equestrian portraits of the King and his Son, by Horace Vernet. The King is in the costume of a Lieutenant-General, mounted on a white horse; on his right are the Duke of Orleans, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duke de Montpensier, and on his left, the Duke de Nemours and the Duke D'Aumale, all equipped according to their respective ranks in the different services.

BIRMINGHAM.—We understand that arrangements are in progress for the exhibition, at Mr. Everitt's gallery in New-street, of Edwin Landseer's admirable painting, "Horses Drinking at a Fountain." It is expected that the painting will be received in the course of the ensuing week.—*Birmingham Advertiser*.

The celebrated picture by Herbert, R.A., of "Phillip Nye asserting Liberty of Conscience at the Westminster Assembly of Divines, in 1644," comprising no less than seventy-one portraits of distinguished divines of that period, is to be exhibited for a few days at the Athenæum, Temple-street, in this town, commencing to-morrow. This evening, the Rev. Dr. Massie, of Manchester, delivers a lecture on the subject.—*Ibid*.

ON DIT.

That Mrs. Butler (late Miss Fanny Kemble) intends giving a series of readings of the tragedies of Shakspeare. It is supposed they will take place either at the St. James's Theatre, or in Willis's Rooms.

That the indefatigable Monsieur Jullien will shortly make Drury Lane the scene of his Promenade Concerts until the autumn, when old Drury will once again take to the legitimate; and that the English Opera will succeed to Covent Garden Theatre, at the close of the Italian Opera season.

That Madame Bishop is engaged by Mr. Lumley, and will appear in *La Fidanzata Corsa*, with the tenor Fraschini.

That Miss A. Romer, a relation of Miss Romer, is engaged at the Princess's Theatre; she is a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music.

That Bunn and Balie have shaken hands across the table, a good dinner having been the happy medium of reconciliation.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just published, price 1s.

DISTRESS—THE CONSEQUENCE OF CAPITAL, with some suggestions for the Establishment of a Refuge from the Extremity of Destitution for the Working Classes, by Henry Calton Maguire.

F. C. WESTLEY, 163, Strand.

MR. BRIGHT'S COLOURED PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAIT GALLERY, 183, STRAND, three doors from Norfolk-street. Portraits from 12s. 6d. each, including Frame; pleasing ones guaranteed. The process accomplished any weather but excessive fog.

Hours 10 till 4. The early part of the day preferable.

* * The whole process taught.

ART OF SINGING.

Mr. Crivelli begs to acquaint his friends and the public, that his work, on the Art of Singing, is now ready, and may be had of him at his house, No. 71, Norton-street, Portland-place, and of all the principal music-sellers. Price £1 4s.

N.B.—Also, may be had the above work adapted for the bass voice.

TO ARTISTS, AMATEURS, &c.

PERMANENT DRAWING CHALK

(in Cedar) in various colours.

E. WOLFF and SON beg to apprise Artists and Amateurs that they have, by the introduction of great improvements in their CRETA LÆVIS; enabled it to be used the same as the ordinary pencil, and effects can now be produced equal to water-colour drawings, without the use of water or any other fluid, the various colours blended together with perfect harmony, beauty, and richness. It can be cut to a fine point, and is thus capable of giving a very delicate outline. For sketching from nature, the great advantages resulting from the adoption of the CRETA LÆVIS must be obvious, as without the use of water, palette, brushes, &c., all the various tints can be obtained with a truthfulness that cannot be surpassed: thus superseding every other method in general use.

The CRETA LÆVIS may be had of all respectable Stationers, and of the Manufacturers, at the following prices:—

Leather box, containing a set of 12 ..	7s. each.
Do. do. 18 ..	10s. do.
Do. do. 24 ..	14s. do.
Do. do. 36 ..	21s. do.

In sets as above, without box, at .. 6s. per doz.

Lake and Cobalt .. 12s. do.

* * May be had also in Crayons without cedar, in sets as above, at 6s. per dozen, box included.

WOLFF and SON beg to recommend their newly-invented SKETCHING PENCILS, or PERMANENT BLACK CHALK.

BB Very Black, for foreground; H B Middle Tint; N Neutral Tint, for distance. Price 6s. per dozen.

These Pencils are peculiarly adapted for sketching Heads and Landscapes, and are capable of producing a beautiful effect with very little labour. Having an adhesive quality, the drawings may be transmitted without fear of injury.

Manufactory, 23, Church-street, Spitalfields, London.

LUCRETIA.

Lithographed by T. H. Maguire, from a Painting by C. R. Leslie, Esq., R.A. Proof, 10s.; Prints, 5s.

E. GAMBART, JUNIN, and Co., 25, Berners-street, Oxford-street.

London: Printed by WILLIAM WHINNEY GEARING, of No. 3, Smart's Buildings, in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, in the County of Middlesex, at 27, Parker-street, in the Parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, as aforesaid; and Published by JOHN DAY, of 43, Paradise-street, Lambeth, at the Office of the *Fine Arts Journal*, 12, Wellington Street North, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the Liberty of Westminster.